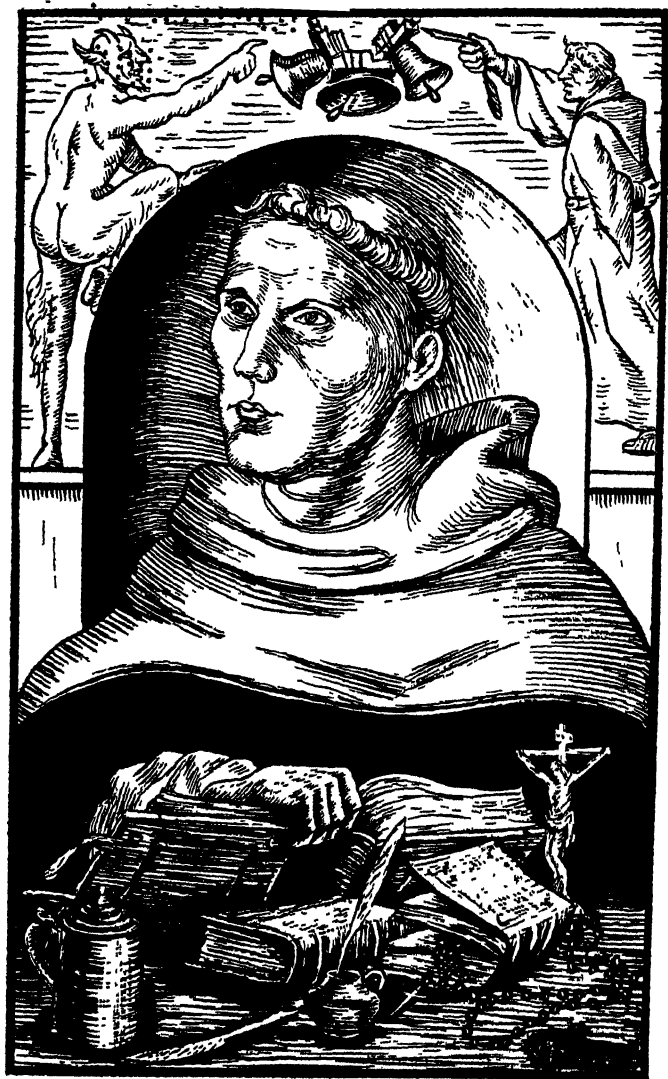


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MARTIN LUTHER

SAINTS *of* CHAOS

PETER OLIVER

Illustrations by
H. GLINTENKAMP



WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON

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CHAPTER I

HARBINGERS OF CHANGE

■

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“Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

“The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

“Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies:

“Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions:

“Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing:

“Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations:

“All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. . . .

“And some there be, which have no memorial; who are perished, as though they had never been, and are become as though they had never been born; and their children after them.

“But these were merciful men.”

•

CHAPTER I

Harbingers of Change

WE CONFESS at the start to a disgust with most of what is said and written today on the economic side of life. Man, made in the image of God, or so we thought once, a creature of dreams and visions, loving, fearing, full of memories and of hopes, is not vastly interesting, considered only as one more animal which must eat to live. The material, economic aspects of man's life are of interest chiefly as they relate to the immaterial, spiritual part of him.

The eventual discovery of the adjustment of production to consumption should provide the key to our material difficulties of today. And while this adjustment is far from apparent at present to the economic and political wizards into whose ineffective hands we have given, as democracies are wont to do, our destinies, probably it is not far off.

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The subject, however, is neither attractive nor interesting as compared with the higher brackets of human behaviour; and if it can be reasonably assumed that there is no imminent danger of any of the various divisions of the human race being suddenly obliterated by economic starvation, as it can be assumed, much larger questions involving the human soul, the will, and the intellect, appear.

There is no agreement in the world. And so wide and fundamental are our disagreements, that it seems that the worst dangers that confront us will be met in our attempts to adjust our intellectual, rather than our economic machinery. Within the last five hundred years the world, or at least our part of it, which is Europe and America, has produced a series of beliefs and convictions on matters of politics, art, science, and religion, so widely at variance with each other, and so capable of arousing and inflaming our loyalties and passions, that the final end of western civilization in civil and internecine struggle between its various component groups is not impossible to imagine.

We find it very easy to conjure up the picture of the future socialist, or communist engaged in mortal combat with the advocate of democracy or republicanism. We can imagine the Roman Catholic

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world either defending itself from extermination, or trying to exterminate the combined Protestant groups. We can even imagine ourself, engaging with un-Christian fury on either of the sides just mentioned, or against both, or allied with both against some others of the many similar groups and combinations which, in addition to possessing approximately the same high aims and purposes as the particular group to which we give our allegiance, possess also the same infinitely dangerous capacity for inflaming men's passions.

We are dwellers in the tents of confusion. We of Europe and the Americas, though we consider ourselves, and with some reason, the leaders of the world, still we are divided on almost all matters of importance.

There is never, in any society, complete agreement among all people, but there has been at times in the past, agreement between the people of good intent. Socrates living in the last years of one such time of agreement, called this that was its basis, the "common consent of good men".

Today we have no common consent of good men. Good men, men of good intent, are split into a hundred camps, one is Protestant, one Catholic, one Jew, one atheist; one is a believer in polyg-

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amy, another in rigid monogamy, one is a socialist, another a capitalist, a third a communist.

Some thousand years ago St. Augustine wrote in the City of God "we are our love." This is interpreted to mean that human society tends to realize any goal recognized by the Socratic common consent of good men. Today with our divergent and conflicting "loves" there is no answer, satisfactory to more than one group, to the question of whither what we call our civilization is tending.

Differences of opinion are perhaps desirable, but differences of conviction on fundamental matters can lead only to the break up of society.

Saint Augustine spoke truly when he said we are, or become our love. And the application of this to the present day shows us different groups of our modern society, cleaving to, loving, entirely different ideals; which, if they are pursued to their logical conclusions, must eventually bring conflict into our human society. It is perhaps no more possible than it is desirable that we shall devise a pattern of life and impose it in detail upon all men, to make them thus love, and strive for a single goal. There is no virtue in uniformity by itself. But we think no student of human history

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will deny that we cannot continue to follow our present tendencies, pursue, that is, our present "loves," so widely different are they.

Some will say, what of this, what matter if the institutions of our modern world be destroyed? For that we are far from perfection no one denies.

Nevertheless, the modern world which dates approximately from the Reformation has great achievements to its credit. And there are few who can face with equanimity and indifference the prospect of disrupting changes in it. Love of country, abused, cheapened, and sentimentalized as it is, by those who would capitalize it for selfish and ignoble purposes, none the less exists; and most men, hard as life may have treated them, cherish, despite everything, an affection for the institutions which they themselves, and their fathers before them, created.

Bearing in mind what Saint Augustine says, that we are our love, if we turn back to history we observe two great phases. The first is a phase of Unity when men agree on what they know, when, in other words, men know the things they love; the second a phase of Diversity when men do not agree, when there is conflict between the abstract ideals toward which men aspire.

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The great ages of man have been the ages of unity. It was unity that left the monuments of ancient Egypt, it was unity that made the glory that was Greece, it was unity that made the Middle Ages.

Under a dominant unity men say together, these things are Good, these things are Beautiful, and True and to be sought, and these are false and evil, and to be eschewed. There needs no more than this to constitute progress. But when diversity rules the roost, as recurrently it does, agreement vanishes. There rose to question unity's great apostle, Socrates, the figure of Protagoras, who denied the Socratic theory of knowledge with a great plausibility. He said there is no Good, no Beautiful, no True, good for you may be bad for me, what you call white, is only white to you, truth itself is relative, and the measure of all things is man.

The last great unity was that of mediæval Christendom, and this was the greatest of all. The pillars of the old Grecian unity were truth and beauty, this one stood higher and more firm on a new element that had been added to life and knowledge, unselfish love.

The Middle Ages civilized Europe; religion,

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science, art and politics were met and joined together in the great Catholic and Apostolic church. But even it, the well-spring of whose power was love, could not withstand the remorseless turning of the historic cycle, and fifteen centuries after the "glad tidings of great joy" and the "peace on earth to men of good will" the new Protagoras raised his voice, and unity ended.

Martin Luther was the high priest of the new diversity, the father of our modern world. Less and less since Luther lived have we known what things we loved. With our subsequent mean achievement of our destiny we are not pleased, but what our destiny is we are not agreed upon.

Religion, which is concerned with love, in Martin Luther led the way. Science and art, having to do with truth and beauty, followed. As Luther broke the old religious unity, Galileo, with his homemade telescope began the new science, and Beethoven, the new art.

There is a school of historians who will heartily disagree with the crediting to any individual or individuals of such vast changes as were worked in the world by these three men. Modern historians believe in "inevitable tendencies," "gradual evolutions" and such things. We do not. One vital per-

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sonality upsets the whole historical apple cart of tendencies and evolutions.

For most of us are mere buyers and sellers in life; to keep alive is the sum and total of our ambition, the apex of our pyramid of hope. Most of us seek, and the object of our quest is bread.

But not all seek. There are born a few in every age who have seen behind the curtain which hides infinity the vision that we others never see. The priest, the scientist, the artist, they do not seek, for they are seers, who have seen the Good, the True and the Beautiful. They live not on the bread we buyers and sellers work for, they do not know the hunger of the body, insatiable for us, for in their hearts is mixed a deathless spiritual leaven, which dies not when they die, which unlike all mortal bread is not consumed, nor fretted away, but becomes as it were immortal food for the hunger of the soul.

William Blake made a drawing of a man, a tiny, naked figure, Everyman, standing on the curve of the earth at the foot of a ladder pointed to the moon. "I want! I want!" the man is saying. The moon at which he points is the hunger of his soul. It is not bread he wants, nor shelter, nor clothing, for these have to do with the body's hunger, per-

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quisites they, of mortality, finite and attainable. Three things the soul hungers for, Goodness Truth, and Beauty.

We buyers and sellers occasionally know this hunger at the midnight moments of our soul. We have not seen Beauty, we do not know Truth, and we are weak in our Love, but we recognize and turn to those Seers among us who do know them, and these men, when our souls are empty and hungry, we do spasmodically follow.

Towards the end of the Middle Ages there was in the world a great spiritual drought. The men of religion had forgot that their guiding principle was love, science had forgot truth, and art beauty.

Thus Luther, burning at first with a great and simple sincerity, drew men quickly to him. So, too, did Galileo, and so, later, Beethoven. Had these three men seen more clearly than they did, there had been then at once either a new unity, or a revival and purification of the old. But they were not great enough, and unity vanished from the civilization of Western Europe and diversity came.

Under a reign of unity the abstract intangible idea dominates, the individual is silent. We do not know the builders of the mediæval cathedrals, or whose chisels carved the gentle, detente saints

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and madonnas of old Burgundy. But look when the alternate swing to diversity begins, here is Giotto's tower and Brunelleschi's dome, here the telescope of Galileo and the honeyed arrogance of Messer Ariosto! Was ever such an array of names: Hus, Luther, Loyola, Calvin, Descartes, Zwingli, Xavier, Machiavelli, Castiglione, Copernicus, Dürer, Tasso, Boiardo, Columbus, Aretino, Bacon, Harvey, Paré, Servetus, More, Colet, Erasmus, Œcolampadius, Bruno, Melanchthon, Shakespeare, Raleigh, Marlowe, Kyd, Dekker, Purcell, Rabelais, Montaigne, Leonardo, Botticelli, Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto, Michelangelo, Donatello, Correlli, Viotti; and these are but a few of the early members of that company!

All of these are great men, but not great enough to make a new unity. Observe the vital differences between them, Bruno, the atheist, Colet, the Protestant, Loyola, the Catholic. The world is not big enough for the followers of these three alone to live in peace.

We have taken three men to exemplify the change, Luther for religion, Galileo for science, and Beethoven for laggard art. In their three lives can be seen, do we look close enough, their deviation from the old unity; can be understood, do we

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put our minds and hearts to the task, their failure to make a new unity.

These men made Diversity. Diversity has made the Industrial Revolution of the XIXth century, which has in turn made an entirely new creature, Modern Man.

The change in religion, science, and art is most easily analyzed and understood, with the knowledge of the personalities of the three changers, for we do not change the abstract part of us, our hopes and ideals, except under the influence of persons.

The material change in the world as the result of the invention of the steam engine has little or nothing to do with any personality, though to conform somewhat to the pattern of this book we have chosen to use the vehicle of the life of James Watt to discuss it.

If we can arrive at a slightly new understanding of the change in the world which made modern man and of the ways in which he differs from his ancestors, we are confronted then with the question of whether our diversity *may* be resolved to a unity, and what that unity may be.

There occurs first the political question of how we can live peaceably in the world together, a question raised, and answered in the negative with

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great perspicacity by Thomas Hobbes, who foresaw, before they actually existed, most of the political difficulties with which we are at present confronted.

Hobbes was not a changer as these others were, he had no message like Luther and Beethoven, he found no new truth like Galileo and Watt, yet living three hundred years ago, so well he understood the workings of men's minds that he painted a picture in colours that are true today. Mean spirited and pessimistic, he saw no good in what he drew, and apparently he did not care. He prophesied future evils that have come to us, prophesied a final disaster that now seems almost in sight. We are the generation who may see the failure or fulfilment of his words.

If Hobbes was as right as he seems to have been, there is no time to dally with half truths, we must bind the threads of our destiny together, we who are here today must make the new unity. We, who are Europe and America, must find out Goodness, and Truth and Beauty, must agree on the purpose of life, if we would pass on to our posterity the right to live.

Not all of our institutions are good, but there are surely some that are. Our civilization is not

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haphazard, all of the past belongs to us, but we cannot stand forever at the cross-roads. The world becomes, or will become, crowded. And the fittest will survive. And fittest means not fittest of body, but fittest of mind and heart.

Human society is not static, but dynamic. There is ever change, and the knowledge and understanding of this ceaseless permutation of all things is a part of wisdom. And despite all talk of environment, and of trends, and of inevitable tendencies, still we doubt that there is ought of inevitableness about our motion. The error of our time is in our attempt to estimate and appraise the present by itself. This cannot be done, for the attempt neglects the two greatest factors which influence what we call our progress, memory and hope. These both are born in the past, and best made active when we search from out that past, the lives of men who while they lived were Harbingers of Change.

■

CHAPTER II

MARTIN LUTHER

1483-1546

■

“A modest, quiet man . . .”

“The humblest, peacefulest heart then living
in this world. . . .”

CARLYLE

“Luther’s was one of those great individualities
which have modelled the history of mankind, and
modelled it entirely for good.”

FROUDE

“A slumbering earthquake, pillowed on fire.”

BOSSUET

“Satan . . . the dominating conception of his
life.”

LECKY

“Even in Luther’s lowest imbecilities, what
gleams of a vigorous sense.”

“O Swan, thy cygnets are but goslings.”

COLERIDGE

“O God! if Luther is dead who will henceforth
expound to us the gospel?”

DÜRER

CHAPTER II

Martin Luther

"The world has no more like me."

MAN works on earth by means of his heart and his head. It is the works of a man's heart which influence the lives of other men. "Les vérités découvertes par l'intelligence demeurent stériles. Le cœur est seul capable de féconder ses rêves." "Only the heart can bring its dreams to life." The words are those of good Abbé Coignard to Turnbroche. Whom the heart moves, moves the world.

Mark the difference with which the world receives the works of the man of science, and the man of religion, the first a head man, the second a heart man. Our acknowledgment to the propounder of the new scientific truth is hesitant, for the new truth in science usually destroys the old, making thus of the scientist an iconoclast. But it is different with him who propounds the new

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word of religion. He is the man of the Good (or God), he deals in faith and hope and love. He is the antithesis of the iconoclast, he is the reformer, literally he re-forms, forms again the clay around the ancient idols, and the faith and hope and love with which he works are his ancient tools, beloved by men.

Ostensibly the reformer may appear as the expositor of new doctrines, but it is not as such that he is important, for he needs no new theory. He is great for what he knows of goodness and of love, and these are not new. The measure of his greatness is the extent to which he hands this knowledge on to other men. Of all men his personality is the hardest for the historian to recover for, though his works endure, the qualities of his person, by which he accomplishes them, are lost.

The mind searches out the distant star and marks its magnitude; the mind weighs the atom and notes the reaction of the elements in their varied combinations; and the mind records its work in schedules and formulæ which serve as charts for later minds that would repeat the experiment. Yet even so the mind conveys not even earthly immortality to its accomplishments.

There are illustrations in art. Observe the art

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of the mind. Most of it is pre-Christian, a story begun two thousand years ago, and finished then. Except for the round arch, we have hardly added to the materials of beauty that Greece knew. The Parthenon, the Euripidean chorus, the thousands of lovely marble figures, almost can these be said to have exhausted the category of finite beauty, bounded by the limits of the mind.

Has it been loved and cherished from that day to this? Not so! It has come to us, not tenderly handed down by one who loved it to another, rather have we dug it up ourselves from overgrown fields, pieced it together from out the ruins of old cities, where moss and dust, degeneration and decay have been its neighbors.

But look across to the art whose well-spring is the heart; vital, self-perpetuating, it has recurred down all the ages, new, mystic, and never forgotten, for man will not let it die. The art of the heart is perceptible love, the idolization of man's craving, not for what the finite mind can know, but for all for which the infinite heart can long.

The art of the mind is transient. "The circumstances which can send the works of Keats and the works of Beaudelaire to join those of Menan-

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der are not inconceivable. The abyss of history is deep enough to bury all the world."

But David the King, asking his God for mercy, has never been forgotten, Saint John has not, nor Augustine, nor A' Kempis, nor Jeremy Taylor, nor gentle Izaak Walton, for in them speaks not the finite knowledge of the mind, but the infinite longing of the heart.

Benjamin Haydon, the writer who thought himself a painter, asked, as he stood before the Elgin marbles, "Why were such beautiful things ever suffered to be destroyed . . . why in a succession of ages has the world again to begin? Why is knowledge ever suffered to ebb, and why not allowed to proceed from where it left off to an endless perfection?"

The important question is deeper. Why has anything survived? What is the essential quality of earthly immortality? Simply, it is a thin and luminous strand running from memory into hope, twisted since the beginning of man, out of the aspirations of his heart to be better. More simply it is the love of goodness, or of God. Only the heart works permanently. For sand, and wind, and rain, moss, and the creeping vine are stronger stuff than empires, and down the lengthening

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track of time, glory and fame falter together and fall, and at the end, both like Ozymandias, lie buried in silence. So, were it not for the heart would perish everything. But because amid barbaric splendour and delight, one man, athirst, shared the cup with a brother, another, the crust, the law of the mind is defied, and doctrines of the survival of the fittest and of supermen crumble in our hands, and the race survives. The generous act, this is the real Quickener of Pulses, this is the Breath of Life, this the Perpetuator of Races. "He was a good man," it is our highest praise.

With the reformer, we may, if we will, trace the development of his doctrine, and may assume (mistakenly) his action to have proceeded from it. But his real greatness is exactly commensurate with the generous actions of his life. There are few great converts to theories, and the works of the mind have won few martyrs. Doing, as opposed to thinking, is born of the heart and as Père Aubry says in the eloquent and lovely end of Barrès' *"La Colline Inspirée,"* "*Ce n'est pas avec des argumentes que l'on touche le cœur.*"

Sadly, in the case of our reformers, our heart men, these manifestations of their good hearts slip away from us as years go on, and we take in their

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stead, theories, which comparatively are as dry as dust. The tenderness of their persons, the sign of their great sympathy, they take with them to the grave. The flash of their eyes, seeing a good cause, scorning a bad one, the tones of the voice, the gestures, the very movements of the lips, smiling or sad, all these mystic, inexplicable secrets of the personality, infallible clues to the heart, all these are gone. There survive from the mind a few doctrines (born usually out of a stern necessity, which in another age we cannot understand), from the heart only its vague effect on other hearts.

The world sees Martin Luther as a man of theory and doctrine, a man of mind. The world following partly what Luther's mind left behind has come to a vast confusion. Actually, Luther was a man of great heart and of inconsiderable mind.

Humble brother Martin of Eisleben was the mover and quickener of his whole age, the enricher of its life. His own life when it stood behind him offered two prescriptions to cure the troubles of man: one false, one true; one obvious, one subtle; one from the head, one from the heart. The Protestant world has in most cases followed the wrong one. The Catholic in most cases has ignored each. Humble, penitent Martin Lu-

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ther, roaring, bombastic Martin Luther, Luther the mystic and priest, the Walker with God in Quiet Places, Luther, the "slumbering earthquake pillowed on fire," was as Saint Beuve says, "something between Moses and Rabelais." This brother Martin of the Augustinian Eremites, renegade monk, breaker of vows, this beer-drinking, great hater, this man possessed part of the time, pursued always by his own personal devil, this man to some of the world is a saint. "Man is incapable of good," he cries, "sin heartily (*Pecca fortiter!*) for God's mercy is great, and man is only vile." Strange trappings these, of sanctity. "The world has no more like me," he said.

To another part of the world he is the Beast, the Anti-Christ. Hear him in this rôle. Of a picture of the Virgin he wrote, "The Child Jesus sleeps on Mary's arm, should He wake, He would ask us what we have done and how we have lived;" again "could a man make a single rose we should give him an empire;" and in a letter to Staupitz, the head of his order, "now that our dearest Saviour who gave Himself for us is made a mock of in this world, should we not fight and offer our lives for Him!" Later, to his son Hans, he wrote, "Grace and peace in Christ, my darling

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little son. I am very glad to hear that you are studying well, and praying diligently." Surely this is not Lucifer speaking from the Pit.

Of poor parents, peasants of the small German town of Eisleben, he was born on St. Martin's Day in 1483. There are numerous stories of his youth, most of them told by himself in later years, when he saw as he quite naturally then would, his future dormant in his past. They are not important. He received a stern upbringing, probably somewhat unhappy, with slightly better than the normal schooling. In 1501 he entered the University at Erfurt. There he learned more of the classics, and for the first time in his life found the Bible, which in later years he was to translate into German. There the times began to tell on him, and to the disappointment of his parents he decided to become a monk.

The time was ripe for him. "The world and its history," says Carlyle, "were waiting for this man."

Since the coronation of Charlemagne as Holy Roman Emperor, on Christmas Day of the year 800, church and state had seethed together in a kettle of unrest. The theocratic, mediæval state was ideal, but like most ideals difficult of attain-

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ment. The ruler to fulfil it had to be two things, a good Christian, and a good ruler, and although the two qualifications did not of necessity mutually exclude one another, for to a degree Charlemagne had had both, the secret of the combination seems to have vanished with his death. Emperors like Hohenstauffen Frederick Barbarossa and his grandson Frederick II alienated the church, Popes like Innocent III alienated the empire, and their successors split the fabric of the unity not two ways, but four, church and empire divided first against each other, became now divided within themselves.

Finally in 1418, with the close of the Council of Constance, the Great Schism which had disrupted the church for a hundred years was healed. Apparently at this point all might have begun anew. But the years of strife and jealousy had been too long, church and state alike were corrupt, and during the so-called Papal Restoration from 1418 to the burst of Luther upon the world ninety-nine years later, the star of Christianity sank in a lowering sky. Within the church, humanism, the study of finite man, rose in apposition to scholasticism, the study of Infinite God. The popes were scholars first, priests afterwards;

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the ascetic gave way to the sybarite, and Botticelli's naked Venus rising from the sea, touched the æsthetic sensibilities that erstwhile had responded to the intoning of gentle Ave Marias to Gregorian music.

The Papacy had forgotten its *raison d'être*, forgotten the ideal that once had dominated the mediæval unity, unselfish love. At last it did remember, Farnese, Vittoria Colonna and a few devoted others began the Oratory of Divine Love, the year before Luther burst into prominence. But it was too late.

The popes from 1418 to the time of Luther are remarkable for their un-ecclesiastical accomplishments; Paul II collected antique bronzes, cameos, and intaglios; Nicolas V was the great bibliophile; Sixtus IV, and his nephew Julius II, gave their every effort to the increase of the papal states. From top to bottom Rome was corrupt. The crimes of the Borgias were no great exception, either to the age, or to the church within the shadow of whose walls they were perpetrated.

In 1510 Leo X became pope. He was a Medici. The remark "Now that God has given us the papacy let us enjoy it," is typical of him and may perfectly well be true.

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He set himself to the task of completing the construction of the new Saint Peter's which was to be the glory of all Christendom. For this there lacked one thing, money, and he settled to the task of raising it.

In 1510 Brother Martin Luther of the Augustinian Eremites at Erfurt was sent to Rome on the business of his order. He had received the habit of the order in 1505, completed his year's novitiate, and in May of 1507 celebrated his first mass. In the next two years he had continued his studies, and now at the time of his trip to Rome, was a Master of Philosophy, and Baccalaureus Biblicus, and as such an authorized lecturer on the Ethics of Aristotle, and on the Bible.

He arrived at Rome in the last days of the pontificate of Julius II.

Luther went to Rome a Catholic, he returned to Germany a Protestant. Had he been noble or rich, what he saw would probably not particularly have affected him for money and blood are the great sophisticators, and the rich and well-born are much the same the world over. Luther was a poor monk, from a poor and unhappy country, and from a humble walk in life. He had grown up in poverty, and seen always poverty

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about him. They were no saints at his monastery at Erfurt, but at Rome the young monk, he was only twenty-seven, may be granted to have reasonably expected better, for Rome had assumed to herself the sanctity previously ascribed to Jerusalem.

Rome of 1510 was decadent and corrupt. The church was defiled by the persons of its clergy, who were worldly and materialistic, immoral and degenerate. The spirit of Catholicism in the Rome that Luther saw was gone. Luther seems, from what records survive of that visit to Rome, to have had an eye chiefly for the decay and corruption within this the headquarters of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. In the few months he was there, there was sown in his heart the seed of his hatred of the city, and the papacy of which it was the symbol, that was to last his lifetime.

Luther was young, and earnest, and impetuous. He was a great hater. He hated the buying of favours, and of favoured positions, he hated the misuse of wealth that he saw, he hated the unchastity, he hated the pharasaical observance of the form, and disregard of the spirit of Christianity.

Why should he not have? There is abundant evidence to show him, up to this time, to have

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been a sincere and devoted follower of the religion he professed. Introspective by nature, he had questioned, and examined, and questioned again, the most minute actions and thoughts of his life. Living in austere and simple surroundings, he had tormented himself for years, lying awake at night in agony, with the thoughts of his sins, his unworthiness, and of the goodness of a God that to such a one as he, could offer solace. He had fasted, and contemplated, and prayed, and he had laboured in the field to which he thought his God had called him. His life had been simple, almost saintly, and yet he had never ceased to reproach himself as a miserable sinner.

All his adult lifetime prior to his visit to Rome had been a struggle against the devil that he knew always to be tempting him, the devil that he believed was one side of his own (Everyman's) nature. Now he found new forces working on the side of evil.

Now here to his eyes in Rome was disclosed the utter depravity and corruption of all those in whose hands he had believed Divine wisdom had entrusted the direction and administration of the Catholic faith.

For five years following his trip to Rome, Lu-

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ther stayed within the church, and during those five years, little by little, and probably almost unconsciously, he formulated and completed his simple heresy. At the end of the five years his heart prompted him to put that heresy into action: two years later his brain had translated it to theory, and the Reformation was practically finished.

The action of the heresy was his turning from the corrupt hierarchy of the church direct to God. Its theory is the liberation of the human conscience and is called justification by faith.

In 1512 he had taken his theological degree of Doctor of Divinity, and from then till 1517 he had lectured on the different books of the Bible, both at Erfurt, the home of his order, and at the neighbouring city of Wittenberg. There is noticeable in him during these years subsequent to his trip to Rome, a growing moral change, indifference to forms of worship, and to the rules of conventual life, even to the celebration of the mass as a "good work."

The idea of Reform was as old as the church; Wyclif in England, Hus in Bohemia, were fresh in men's memory. All over Europe fulminating pamphlets and poems, doggerels and plays had

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circulated since Arius on his strange fateful journey to Nicea put the brown head on the white horse, since Guillaume de Lorris brought down the wrath of the hearty Pierre Abelard, since Piers the Ploughman had dreamed his marvellous dream "under a brode bank by a burn side." But these compared to Martin Luther were little men, impotent to change. How fast the picture comes to life when genius drives the horses of the soul! No more does desire outrun performance. Luther of Eisleben and Erfurt, son of miner Hans and stern Margareta, had seen the picture of the world, seen decadence and weakness where there should have been strength, seen vacillation where there should have been firmness, seen avarice where there should have been charity, seen evil where there should have been purity.

He took no half-way measures when the hour struck. The stick that came to his hand, he grasped.

The time was the year 1517. The stick was the Dominican Tetzel, travelling salesman of indulgences on a commission basis (proceeds, other than Tetzel's share, to go to Leo's new cathedral).

Luther in the last preceding years of his professorship, had in his lectures enunciated occa-

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sional criticism, particularly in some lectures on Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans, on the forms and observances of the Church.

Despite the eagerness with which Catholic historians have seized on these to prove him to have been fundamentally and temperamentally always a heretic, they are not important. For these were purely intellectual differences, and accordingly susceptible to rational adjustment. But now at last, by the force that has moved all the greatest men of the world, the ceaseless and merciless demands of luxury upon poverty, he is led to the greatest heresy of all, the heresy of the heart. He denied the validity of Tetzels indulgences, and on the door of Wittemberg Cathedral he posted his ninety-five theses, his defiance of the church.

Events now crowded quickly round him. Prierias, casual Thomist philosopher, admonished him, and met with the scorn that his half effort deserved. A more serious effort to suppress him followed from Cajetan, otherwise Cardinal Thomas de Vio of Gaeta, cajoler par excellence. For him the fervid, burning Luther was no match, "Thou deniest the worth of these indulgences, backed by this decree?" Ah yes, Brother Martin must do this. Whither did it lead? From the affir-

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mation that this decree was not authority enough for him, he was led to the stand that no decree could bind him. He had assailed authority in what it only tolerated, now he was forced into assailing what it reasonably affirmed.

The Reformation was begun, and was already half over.

Next came Miltitz, another arguer sent out by the Holy See to confute him, and finally in 1519, the famous debate with Eck. Eck joined him to John Hus and the Bohemian heresy. He had denied the infallibility of the papal decretals in favour of the decrees of a general council. That failed him and he turned to an infallible Bible. There can be no doubt that he did not see the pit he had dug beneath his own feet. Who was to interpret this infallible Bible? There could be but one answer, himself; immanence out of transcendence. In all the great pyramid of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, the great conservatory of unselfish love, there existed no group from whom he could expect a generous interpretation of the simple gospel of Jesus Christ. He is hardly to be blamed because he thought he had a divine mission, to work alone for the people (the poor and friendless people) on the side of God.

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Here the lines converge, for here already approaches the climax of his life. Till this point he had acknowledged and affirmed in letters and in his sermons the church's final authority. Now he no longer did so. And the church excommunicated him.

By now he had formulated his theory that "the just man liveth by faith." But none knew better than he that men will not follow a theory from the mind. There was needed action, from the heart, an offer of blood. He made it.

In 1521 he was called to appear at the Diet of Worms, and was offered a safe conduct by the Emperor. Slightly over a hundred years before, another diet, or council, under another Emperor, had offered safe conduct to another excommunicate heretic, John Hus of Bohemia who less radically than Martin Luther had disagreed with his church. This other council had demanded a recantation by Hus of his beliefs, and on his refusal, disregarding its safe conduct on the ground that promises made to heretics were not binding, led him forth one June morning into a meadow beside Constance Lake and burned him at the stake, unconscious of the fact that the deeds of a man's life cannot with his body be reduced to ashes.

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It is hard in this comfortable day to imagine the scene from the point of view of the victim, the feeling of the chains wherewith he was bound, the sound of the jeering people, finally the smoke and heat, and the gradual separation of the soul from the body. The scene was not so far from Martin Luther when he went to Worms. Scarce twenty-five years had elapsed since the similar death of Savonarola in Florence. There was little reason why such an end should not have awaited him.

It took no simple courage. It was the offer by one man, of his life for his friends, than which there is no greater love.

He was told to recant. He asked for a day to consider (how must that day have passed for him) and then before Emperor and nobles and prelates, before the marshalled glory of Spain and Austria and his own terrible church, he refused.

Like a fiat of the Almighty the act created Protestantism. Within the magic circle to which the offer of his life reached, the movement spread, the old church went, the new came. Part of Germany, part of France, Switzerland, Scotland, Scandinavia, and the Low Countries were lost to Rome. Throughout this new-born Protestant world, the

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example spread; there were heroes and martyrs everywhere, new made nobles of a new race. But it did not spread farther, for theory and the written word could not carry it. The deed was too great for any vehicle save the incoherent and broken whispers and tears of those whose own lives the act had purified. And as the moment sank away, as men forgot how their hearts had been quickened, and tried to reconstruct the vital spark from their minds, as they forgot the noble impulses it had raised in them, and the goal of the Christ-like life which suddenly it had brought so near, it all grew dim and vague, and martyrdoms decreased; the wave of apostolic piety receded, and reason and the mind returned. The new church turned to its doctrine, and its members in a hundred years were at each other's throats. In Germany, Luther from that moment became a national hero. But the act is the end of his life as a reformer, and it is the beginning of the end of the Reformation.

At that moment he is the very archetype of protest, the personification of sincerity that fights against insincerity. No half believer, he, in any casual creed, but a great and fervent leader, con-

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sumed with a love of God, and a will to help mankind. He is almost a saint.

But now the mystic, the man of great heart is at a crossroad, and he calls in his mind, unlike his heart, alas, not great, to help him.

He left the Diet, excommunicated and a fugitive and was offered temporary haven in the Wartburg by the friendly Elector Frederick of Saxony.

Entering the Wartburg he stands still within the light of the great moment of his life, but leaving it, a few months later, the whole future is changed, clouds have obscured the glory, the temporal has banished the spiritual, the mystic, the heart man, has become the great leader, the head man. Now he undertakes to solve problems, not religious but political and sociological. While it is infinitely a good thing to proclaim the rights (or duties) of the individual conscience and to attempt to quicken it, to do this is very different from regulating or interfering with those actions of people's lives which may or may not spring from their consciences.

Luther was part mystic and part practical man. It is true that essentially the mystic is the great practical man, but his is an almost inhuman practicality concerned with the adjustment of his own

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life to God's will. Luther was too human, too practical as ordinary men are practical. Not only did he love his God, but with this love and equal to it was a hatred of the enemies of his God, who became his enemies, just as his God was his God. The real mystic has no time for enemies.

As Luther became involved in matters of action and behaviour he forgot a very simple direction of St. Augustine "Love God and do as you please." He did not see that when he, man of heart as he was, rather than head, turned his hand to the direction of human activity, he was deviating from the simple direction "Love God!" made for simple people like himself; did not see that he would only create another institution like the very one he had sought to destroy, except that by virtue of its protestantism his would be weaker, and more susceptible to error.

From 1521 to his death Luther's career is a steady descent from the pinnacle which at one time his feet had gained.

In the widespread revolts from Rome that followed the Diet, several produced wild excesses. Such was that at Zwickau, where, led by a fanatic named Munzer, a group began pillaging churches, taking axes to the statues and images of the saints,

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issuing diatribes against wealth and privilege. The Zwickau revolt was the direct though misguided offspring of Luther's act, and he at the suggestion of the Elector sallied forth from the Wartburg to quell it. This he did quickly and easily (by speaking to the people, so great was the power in his person) and returned, but other revolts sprang up where his back was turned, and every leader of every struggle appealed to him, for was he not the great defier of authority, the great champion of sincerity against insincerity? All this was of itself almost enough to divert his life from devotion and contemplation, but worse still, there began soon to be revolts motivated by no high or noble purposes, whose leaders none the less tried to entangle him with them. Envious ones, rivals and adversaries, sprang up to plague him.

We must remember at this point that he was by nature a fighter. He fought first the devil in his own good and well-ordered life. His venture into worldly things, his trip to Rome disclosed to him a new devil, in the church. He fought that. Now on all sides were devils upsprung to torment him. He fought back with all his great vigour and strength. From his pen appeared letters to all and every, kings and princes, philosophers and peas-

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ants, on each and every subject, religious theory and observance, ethics, politics, philosophy, private morals, and behaviour.

In 1525, having inveighed against the marriage of the clergy, then later having decided that it was allowable "though for me never," he married a runaway nun, Katherine von Bora, his "Empress Kathy," his "beloved rib," and soon a growing family came with more demands for the homage that erstwhile he had devoted to his God.

The Revolt of the Peasants and the subsequent Peasants Wars, started largely in the hope of his support, failed because he found the goodwill of Princes more needful to his cause than that of Peasants. He damned the uprising to failure, which whether or not it was deserved, was not due it surely from his hands. He quarrelled with the gentle Melanchthon, and alienated Erasmus with his views on Predestination. He became involved in the nasty bigamy of Philip of Hesse to the extent of appearing to give approval to it.

His friend and protector, the Elector of Hanover, gave him for his use an old convent, and he settled down, after his marriage, to a messy domesticity. For twenty years he deteriorated; the great, good heart of him made impotent and useless by

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misguided mixing into things that his brain was not good enough to deal with. He grew fat from eating and drinking too much, and coarsened, and became vulgar, as the records of his conversations with the group that gathered round him only too sadly show.

Married life, mysticism, and politics are not compatible. There is no use to dwell on the deviations from the line of the ideal which followed, nor even on the occasional recurrences of the saint-like qualities which had marked the beginning of his glory. Yet we must admire the force of his great, vital personality which endured while he lived. His energy was tireless; he toiled, be it at letters, or singing, or preaching, or wood chopping, incessant, like the giant that he was, until he died. From his pen came one fantastic paradox upon another. It was of course his mind seeking vainly to recover the ecstasy to which one time his heart had led him. But it was not a good mind. In 1546, aged sixty-three years, he died, having in his less than the allotted space of threescore years and ten, cut modern history in half.

His is the greatest figure of our times, which date from him. In him the Ego is reborn, in him is the old world cast aside, finished, the new be-

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gun. On the foundation of his fierce life is erected that of all who have followed, in him is Rousseau, and Goethe, and Beethoven, in him the flower of Democracy blooms after a winter of almost two thousand years. He is the French Revolution and the Russian, he is impressionism and relativity, Monet, Einstein, and Mary Baker Eddy. He is the great changer, the maker of Modern Man.

Because he claimed as the due of princes the duty of obedience, the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings is forged on his anvil. Close on this, as on most of his theories, thunders a paradox, in that doctrine of storm, havoc, and revolution, which is the essence of the rights of man; his claim for the right of every man to be unhampered in the fulfilment of his duty to God.

Carried to his inevitable and logical end, Luther in religion leads to the substitution, for the transcendent Deity of the Church, of the immanent Deity of Protestantism, which makes every man God to himself, and which is none other than the fatal sophism of Protagoras again, that the measure of all things is man.

From the brief period of ten years or so when he was led by his heart, he gained the impetus which was to carry him through the rest of his

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career. The offer of his life before the Diet in 1521 made him his party, his life turned upon that point. Unfortunately for the world it turned back. Then he might have become a mystic, had he kept always before his eyes the vision that so surely he once had seen, of the goodness of God, and the beauty of faith. For this no new justifying doctrine was needed. He might have become another Saint Francis, and perhaps a greater, for there was more force in him of Eisleben than in him of Assisi. But innate in Martin Luther was pride. He wanted to do more than lead men to lives of primitive Christian piety; he wished to confound his enemies. The real mystic has no human enemies. And the immanent Deity that his doctrine constructed was always struggling with him; that immanent Deity was himself, Martin Luther.

The church he founded had no priesthood, ultimately it had no authority, and having none doubly needed it. It could only deteriorate. Slowly the emphasis was shifted from the teachings of Christ to the doctrine needed to sustain a new church. Where there was one church he made two. The two his followers have made a hundred. And these today, despite many a worthy and devoted leader, their followers in turn are deserting.

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One adjustment, one compromise, Protestant Christianity has adopted after another, impotently seeking to escape its inevitable destiny. To engage the public fancy it has changed and changed again, of necessity always broadening, diluting its belief, until now only a terrible emptiness remains. It offers now as religion, a superficial faith in a weak and watery mixture of decency and health, clothed in a sentimentality that is vulgar, and in vestiges of doctrine, in which for the most part the churches themselves no longer believe.

Why is it, but that in Martin Luther heart and head worked to cross purposes? His greatness was all in his heart; the spread of his party was all because men saw the great love that was the motive force of part of his life. In his great years this love burned within him leading him to as noble an offer of sacrifice as any of which we have record. The men of his time saw only enough to recognize the love, and they seized blindly on the words of his mouth to follow, not realizing that though his act sprang from a great and good heart, his words came from a very ordinary mind.

The heart works with ancient and absolute tools, whose names are Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice. We

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call them the cardinal virtues. Mind did not create them and cannot transmit them. It can obscure them or give them light. They cannot be preached or written. They can only be lived. The Roman church in the days of Luther was the guardian of these mysteries. It is true that she was corrupt, that her leaders, many of them, broke every vow that should have bound them to her service; all the vice, the decadence, all the avarice, cruelty, the lust we cannot ignore. And yet within the structure of that hierarchy, there was the opportunity for the pious and simple life, which by its example, preached these eternal verities. Where today the authority of that church has gone, the Protagorean heresy has come. There is, men say, no Good, no Beautiful, no True, all instead is relative. And yet the critic must observe with equal fairness the fact that where that Holy and Apostolic church has survived, ignorance, penury, and superstition have flourished. The backward parts of the civilized world, are those parts which have remained Catholic.

Turning from Luther, to consider others who have sprung from him, it seems as though, despite the courage and the love that were in him, his life had made it harder for us who follow to find the

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inspiration which led him. Courage and love for the private man are good, nay, indispensable, but for him who would lead his fellows there must be light. This is the blessed function of the mind. There was no light in Luther.

And yet how great he was. Beside him all men since are pygmies. His was a tragic and terrible figure. Toward the end of his life, his devil who had always troubled him pursued him relentlessly. It is said that he suffered from Ménière's disease, of the labyrinth of the inner ear, and thus is suggested an explanation of the midnight voices, and the ringing of bells, and the shouts that so disquieted him when he was alone with darkness and with silence. There was no mystic in him then as his life closed over him.

But still to the end, his heart full of those verities which his mind and his life had obscured for posterity, continued to its magic. We cannot recapture it, but the constant and unflagging devotion of a little group of friends and disciples indicates its presence.

The death scene was a strange one; round his bed in the tiny room of the house at Eisleben stood Aurifaber, Jonas, Coelius, and a few others. Luther was in great pain. The consummation

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coming past escape was fast upon him. He grew deaf. They had to speak loudly to make him hear. "Did he remain steadfast in his teachings?" Coelius bending over him shouted the question in his good ear. He was almost dead.

"Yes," he said.

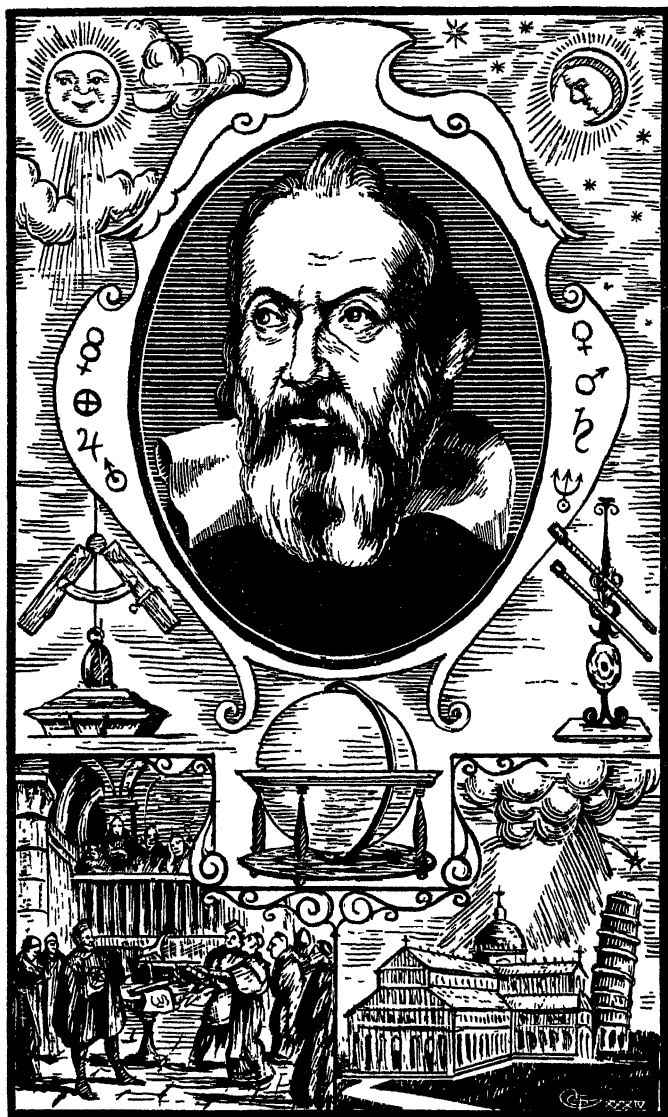
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CHAPTER III

GALILEO GALILEI

1564-1642

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"This rebirth (in Galileo's work) of old truths, these new worlds, these new stars, these new systems, and these new ideas, announce the beginning of a new epoch."

CAMPANELLA

"It is in vain that you have procured the condemnation of Galileo. That will never prove the earth to be at rest. If unerring observation proves that it turns on its axis, not all of mankind together can keep it from turning, or themselves from turning with it."

PASCAL

CHAPTER III

Galileo Galilei

"Let us laugh together, dear friend, over the insensate stupidities of the vulgar."

HE MAY be considered as the inventor of the telescope, though a plodding Dutchman, Hans Lippershey of Middleburg, first discovered it. Lippershey by putting focused lenses together found that he could see the weathercock on Middleburg church, three miles away, as though it were but a few rods distant. Further possibilities of the instrument escaped him.

But Galileo Galilei, self-styled "gentleman of Florence," was no plodding Dutchman. A stronger liquid than Dutch blood coursed his Latin veins. He, like Lippershey, might well have confined his use of the new instrument to the observation of weathercocks and church steeples. Was not Fiesole always a lovely sight from Florence? But Galileo

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turned his telescope aloft. He looked at Jupiter and saw its moons. When, that night in January of the year 1611, he turned his new glass skywards, he sent his sight where never human sight had passed before, he extended the realm of man's consciousness from our puny and beloved earth into the dark, where glittering and effulgent stars, hereto unknown, undreamt of even, shone an empyreal welcome.

Man has not sighed since Galileo lived for other worlds to conquer. He began modern science.

The progressive steps of art and of religion endure in the memory of man. Men still copy Phidias and Praxiteles, still there are thousands of Lutherans and Calvinists. But not so with the steps of science. There is today no group of men who call themselves Newtonians or Keplerites.

The scientist forges by his research a link in a chain; and posterity observes merely that there is a chain, that it holds together, and that the last link in sight gives every evidence of being, not really the last, but only one more of a series to which there is apparently no end. But the philosopher or artist twists out of his mind, not a link, but a strand of an endless and fearful warp which runs circlewise from infinity behind, into the pres-

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ent which is finite, and out again to the infinite ahead.

The scientist produces a step in the endless stairway of knowledge; the philosopher or artist furnishes a flashing, instantaneous glance at the whole, which is Knowledge itself. Science, beginning with Galileo, tells how, philosophy has always tried to tell why.

The end of Science, perhaps, is less glorious, for it seeks not the infinite but the finite, and yet from the day that modern science was born, the infinite has been brought steadily nearer.

That ancient and unknown scholar, seated beneath the tree in whose branches his (perhaps) hairy grandparent swung by his prehensile toes, who discovered that $2 \times 3 = 6$, has exerted the profoundest influence on humanity. But he is entirely unknown; and Galileo Galilei, who by actual observation, confirmed the Copernican theory that the sun is the centre of the immediate universe, seems hardly more significant to the present day than his near-Simian ancestor the Mathematician. Yet there have been no greater changes in the consciousness of man than those due to his having seen the newly invented telescope as something better than a toy with which

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to observe the weathervanes on church steeples.

He was born at Pisa in the year 1564. His father Vincenzo Galilei, a member of the house of Bonajuti, was a skillful mathematician and somewhat of a musician. He wished his son to be a doctor, Galileo himself wished to become a painter, but the study of Euclid early in his school career defeated both their ambitions, it wooed him to Urania, the muse of astronomy.

His first scientific achievement was typical of the rest that were to come, and, in that it was an hypothesis based on his own observation (the painter in him still), a complete departure from the existing practices of science. Over the altar of the church at Pisa there hung a heavy lamp, the work of one Maestro Possenti. Watching this one day as it swung to and fro, he observed that though the amplitude of the swings diminished, the time of oscillation remained the same. Any man might so have noticed; but genius confirms and uses what it sees. Galileo timed the movements by the beating of his pulse and recorded the preliminary observations which underlie the principle of the pendulum, from which was to come the modern science of horology.

Next came a treatise on the centre of gravity of

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solid bodies, shortly after the publication of which, in 1588, he began to lecture at the University of Pisa on mathematics, and on Dante. At the end of two years he had discovered the basis for one of the laws of motion.

The wise men of Pisa, in common with the rest of contemporary scholars, maintained that the speed with which a given object fell was in proportion to its weight. If two balls, one weighing five pounds, and the other a hundred, were dropped together from the same height, it was believed that the hundred pound ball would touch the earth first.

Galileo proposed that their weight had nothing to do with the speed of their fall. The suggestion was received with derision.

Before the eyes of the whole city, Galileo with his two weights mounted the tower of Pisa and the sceptics gathered below. Dropped together they landed together, and though the official reaction was that there had been an employment of magic (probably black) by the young scientist, the basis for a law of motion had been laid. He was then twenty-seven years old.

Up to this time the world had believed that nature was in a state of rest; the stone fell to earth,

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the pendulum stopped. "Eliminate friction," said Galileo, "and the pendulum will swing forever, the rolling stone will never stop."

All these ideas were radical, and Galileo was temperamentally incapable of proposing any radical idea without arousing the most violent opposition. We find him later on writing to Kepler "Let us laugh together, dear friend, over the insensate stupidities of the vulgar." This is not a frame of mind that makes for popularity.

Pisa soon had enough of him and he resigned, to go for a short time to Florence, which in 1592 he deserted in turn for Padua. Here he was to stay for almost twenty years, the most productive years of his life. Here he invented the proportional compass, and the under-air thermometer. Here he perfected his telescope, and made the observations that were to bring him so much success and trouble. It is in these years when he was at Padua that he is described as a handsome, golden haired youth. Full of a great confidence and a belief in himself, he was a complete egoist, which perhaps accounts for his never having involved himself in the ties of regular family life. During his stay in Padua, however, he lived with a woman who bore him three children, a boy Vincenzo,

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and two girls, Polinessa and Virginia. We know little about their mother except that when she eventually married another man it did not in the least disturb Galileo. But the daughter Polinessa, better known as Sister Maria Celeste, was to lighten the darkness of the end of his life.

In 1604 the heavens conspired to light him on the path he was destined to follow. In that year suddenly a new star appeared, daily it grew more brilliant till it outshone even bright Jupiter. Then it faded and disappeared. But before it vanished, the star had served its purpose, for the attention of Galileo Galilei had been drawn for good from the earth to heaven, and now it was suggested to him that heaven itself, like all else in the world, was subject to change and to decay.

In 1609 there came to Padua the rumour of a Dutchman, Hans Lippershey, who was said to have invented a new instrument, which by means of focused lenses let him see things at a distance as though they were near. Hans Lippershey lacked the genius either to perfect or to see the possibilities of his new toy. But not so Galileo, who, with a lead organ pipe, and the glasses from a pair of spectacles, immediately constructed a telescope

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for himself which magnified three times; followed this with a larger, and better one, and by January 1610, had one which magnified thirty-two times. With his wonted modesty he wrote his brother-in-law Landucci, "The one I have made is far superior to the Dutch one." Hans Lippershey used his telescope to look at the weathervane on a neighbouring church. Galileo turned his aloft. It is the high point of his life. He was then forty-six years old.

A century before, Nicolaus Copernicus at Prague, had formulated the cosmological theory which bears his name, in his book "*De revolutionibus orbium coelestium*". He was old and desperately sick when the book was sent to the printer. His pupil, Andreas Osiander, fearing, with considerable reason, the effect that the promulgation of a theory so radically opposed to the accepted one might have, added, without the consent of his master, a brief preface, which explained that the new theory was the merest of speculative hypotheses, and need therefore give no alarm to the conservative believer in the old system.

Osiander's preface was a denial of all for which Copernicus had lived. Whether he realized what his pupil had done (or undone) we do not know,

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for immediately after receiving the first copy from the press he died.

The book had a wide circulation for those times, but it failed entirely to convert the world from the old belief that the earth was the centre of the universe.

Greece at one time had known that the earth revolved; the angle of the cornice and tympanum of the Parthenon was the angle made by the intersection of the celestial equator with the celestial ecliptic. This angle varies. The angle at the corner of the tympanum of the Parthenon corresponds with the equator-ecliptic angle at the very time of the building of the temple.

Greece indeed knew almost everything. Thales of Miletus whispered that the Olympian world might be but a step of an endless stairway; Anaximander took that step to find the heavens turning inevitably round the polar star. Aristarchus declared (and what a heretic he must have seemed) that the sun was larger than the earth, and Empedocles leaped the gap from the second century before Christ to the twentieth after, to disclose the beginnings of the Atomic theory. In the pages of Euclid, deductive reasoning burst upon a world that still saw the moon as a golden-haired huntress,

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that dreamed of majestic Demeter, "half veiled in her shining veil" walking the godly hills of Thrace. But Greece was doomed to fall, corrupted, mollified by its own glory.

From the East with elephants and camels came dark-skinned armies whose Gods to Greece were terrible and unknown; from the West a newer people, sprung from the wolf-nursed twins, ruthless and strong, pressed close the fading Græcian glory. The threat of Asia died to dust, as most threats of Asia do; but that of Europe was fulfilled, and where Greece had been, Rome was. Rome waxed tall and beautiful, her sons loved the simple virtues. Fides and Concordia adorned her altars. But as the temporal wheel rolled on, the empathema of the Sophists spread to Rome.

And now again from Asia another power moved, greater this one than all the panoplied hosts of Mede and Persic kings; from the stable at Bethlehem of Judæa angelic voices shouted forth "glad tidings of great joy" and "peace on earth to men of good will." The message spread to Rome, and phoenix-like out of the ashes of the old, a new Rome rose.

The pillars of the old were Truth and Beauty derived out of nature, out of life. The new stood

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higher and more firm, on a new element it added to knowledge, Unselfish Love, based on a divinely revealed goodness.

The whole world changed. No more was life the earthly span of consciousness. Suddenly it was made infinite, eternal, projected on and on, beyond the grave, beyond death. For had not Christ risen?

Small wonder that the world should have changed, that in philosophy finite truth gave place to infinite love. Of what avail was Science now? To the old it was a vital part, for the unity of Greece was life; but now the jealous wings of death had cast their shadow on the world, and the circle, the triangle and the square, the only mysteries of that old unity, were forgotten, as man turned to contemplate the mystery of love.

Now were dark years for science, for men were too busy with their souls.

Until Copernicus there had been hardly a challenge of the Ptolemaic theory. Because it was geocentric, it fitted reasonably with the Christian religion, and was approved by the church.

To those who believed in the Christian Revelation as contained in the New Testament and supported by the apocryphal records of the early

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Fathers, there could be nothing more lovely or more great. It was the religion of unselfishness, and the ideal of the Christian life was the best the world had yet known. The ensuing step, which let affection for this Revelation lead to the belief that its early landmarks were the centre of the whole universe, is not hard to imagine. If God had sent His Son to redeem the world, to preach love and unselfishness, to give a whole Gospel beside whose lovely message of peace and goodwill, the most sublime of the ancients seem austere and cold, why was it not probable that the birthplace of the Son should be the centre of all things? But men forgot the lesson implicit in that birthplace, a stable!

It was easier in those days to remember that once the whole world had been pagan; now it was beginning to give sign of being, within an imaginable lapse of time, Christian.

All Europe, save part of the Balkans, was Christian; there were Christians in China, in Abyssinia; Xavier had gone to India and the eastern islands, and other Jesuits were already in the Americas. Soon the whole world would be in the fold. Was it unnatural then to claim the universe? Time has shown that the new conception of the sidereal universe is not incompatible with the teachings of

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the Church, but it is not hard to see how then it must have seemed so.

Even the enlightened Kepler wrote to Galileo that the thought of an infinite universe made him shudder, and Spencer three centuries later said that thinking of space gave him a headache.

Galileo turned his telescope aloft, and man found a new universe. He saw innumerable new stars, he saw the moons of Jupiter, and the rings of Saturn. He observed that Venus had phases like those of the moon, that it waxed and waned. Here was not theory, but proof that it revolved around the sun, proof that Copernicus had reasoned wisely and well. He was naïvely delighted. "*Cynthia figures aemulatur mater amorum*," he wrote, the mother of loves (Venus) emulates the motions of Cynthia (the moon). But observe the twist his mind put to what he saw. Here was not only new truth, but old falsehood revealed, here was the Church, power and authority, exposed; here was the Church of the whole universe, made suddenly the Church of one small planet. He forgot that he was a scientist, the sight overwhelmed him, he saw himself now the new Moses, who was to lead the world away from the wilderness of theological error.

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He became almost overnight the most famous man in Italy, in Europe. He was too big for Padua. They wanted him at Venice. He went and delighted the whole city with his discoveries. Venice was the centre of liberalism and the stronghold of the anti-church part of Italy, on Venice had descended the mantle of the Ghibellines. Cardinals and Dukes, the whole gay world flocked to his telescope. Rome clamoured for his presence. He went, and the ovation continued. Finally Florence called him, Florence his home, and in 1611 he left enlightened and broadminded Venice where he had been given a life professorship of mathematics, to return to his own city. It was an error. He continued to broadcast his discoveries, he confuted passages in the Bible, and found others to support him. He laughed at the reference in the XXVIIth Chapter of Job to the void and empty spaces in the heavens, "we know this space now to be full of air," he wrote.

He made himself in a few short years as objectionable to all his new opponents in Rome and Florence, as he had to his earlier ones at Pisa, with his discoveries as to the velocity of falling bodies. This time there was less excuse, for then he was a boy of twenty-seven, now he was forty-

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six. He changed what was only a question of physics and astronomy into a question of theology. "I foresee," wrote Paolo Sarpi, the historiographer of the Council of Trent, "that Galileo, to live in peace, will be constrained to obscure his real sentiments."

Even at home in Florence he could not rest. He went again to Rome to spread the news at the very centre of his opposition. He was still the sensation of Europe, but he was soon to be silenced.

In 1615 the Church declared officially that the earth was the centre of the universe. It was said by some that the new stars were in the telescope, and one scholar announced that even though he should see them himself, he would not believe his eyes, as their existence was contrary to the principles of common sense. Galileo was warned to restrict his attention to astronomy and to leave theology to the Church. He continued his lectures however, with the result that the following year the Holy Office proclaimed the theory of a movable earth heretical. Galileo was again admonished, this time by the Pope. He promised silence.

He returned to Bellesguardo, his villa near Florence and for seven long years was silent. He was now almost sixty. Then in 1623 he burst forth

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again, this time with a pamphlet, "Il Saggiatore" which in addition to trying to prove the erroneous theory that comets were atmospheric emanations, contained a veiled defense of the Copernican system. He could not forget that organized religion still had not heeded him.

The covert references must have been understood, for the book was widely read; and yet they were left unchallenged, which seems to testify that the Church was not eager to quarrel. But Galileo apparently interpreted the silence to mean that he was left victor on the field, and he became emboldened to try his hand once again at another mixture of the Copernican theory with theology.

He began the famous Dialogue on the Two Great Systems of the World. In 1630 it was finished, in 1632 it was published. By dint of showing parts of it to the censor in charge of the bestowal of the papal imprimatur, he received official sanction for the book; but it was of obviously doubtful validity.

Ostensibly the book was a serious dialogue between two philosophers, Salviati, who was Galileo himself, Simplicio, an Aristotelian, and Sagredo, a man of the world. They started to construct a universe. Salviati did it according to the Coperni-

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can theory. Simplicio, however, was allowed all the honours. Salviati proposing one step of inescapable logic upon another, ironically deprecated his own efforts as being the result of the merest dreams and phantasies, and apologized for his ardour, saying that it was called forth only by a desire to impel the "sublime wisdom" of Simplicio to reply. The sublime wisdom of the Aristotelian was the veriest nonsense, and his proofs were travesties. At the end of the book, capping the climax to one of his wildest absurdities, Simplicio rebuked Salviati in the very words of the Pope's earlier official admonition to Galileo. Retribution this time was swift. Galileo was summoned to Rome to appear before a commission specially appointed by the Pope.

Prior to his elevation, Urban the VIIIth, as Cardinal Barberini, had been a liberal. He had known Galileo and had followed, apparently with real interest, the course of his star in its ascendance.

Had the astronomer continued to work as a scientist, had he been willing to leave theology to the church, as he had been warned, and had promised, to do, the Pope's liberal attitude would almost surely have been continued. But it was not in the nature of Galileo to keep the peace. Not

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only had he to prove himself right, but everyone who dared to disagree with him had to be proved either wrong or stupid.

It is abundantly evident that the Church dealt with him with remarkable lenience. On the Pope's Commission were several men distinctly friendly to the scientist, some of whom had admitted their belief in his discoveries. But he had been warned to leave theology alone, and the warning he had ignored.

At the first success of his book, he had been jubilant with triumph, but as the opposition to him grew stronger, as it did with great rapidity, he quickly lost all joy of his work; even his health broke under the strain, probably from fear. When the Commission's summons came to him he begged to be allowed to defend himself in Florence, pleading that on account of his illness, the trip to Rome would kill him. For three months he successfully staved off the trial. Finally in 1633 on the advice of all his friends he went to Rome and was imprisoned.

The record of the preliminary questioning is most unfavourable to him. He made every effort to straddle the questions put to him. Finally pinned down by his inquisitors, he admitted that The

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Dialogue on the Two Great Systems gave the impression that he held the view of Copernicus, but explained the fact away as due to his enthusiasm, and to his desire to give strength to both sides of the dialogue. His explanation, obviously insincere, explained nothing and did not satisfy the Commission. He was threatened with torture if he did not recant.

The threat was enough, it changed the sophisticated arguer to the abject pleader for mercy; old man as he was, it drew him to his knees, and forced from his reluctant lips a complete renunciation of the scientific theories that he believed, nay, more than believed, knew, to be true. There are few more pitiful documents:

"I Galileo Galilei, . . . aged seventy years, arraigned personally before this tribunal and kneeling before you, swear that I have always believed, do now believe, and by God's help will for the future believe, all that is taught by the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church. But whereas, after an injunction had been judicially intimated to me . . . that I must altogether abandon the false opinion that the sun is the centre of the world, and unmovable, and that the earth is not the centre of the world, and moves, . . . and after I had

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been notified that said doctrine was contrary to Holy Writ, I wrote and printed a book in which I adduced arguments of great cogency in its favour, . . . Now therefore desiring to remove . . . this strong suspicion reasonably conceived against me, with sincere heart and unfeigned faith, I abjure, curse, and detest the aforesaid errors and heresies, . . . and I swear that in the future I will never again say, or write, anything that might furnish occasion for a similar suspicion regarding myself, . . . I, the said Galileo, have abjured, sworn, promised, and bound myself as above, this twenty-second day of June, 1633."

They say that when he rose to his feet he muttered "Eppur si muove!" (Nevertheless it moves). But the story is apocryphal.

He was imprisoned and sentenced to recite once a week for three years the seven penitential psalms.

"O Lord, rebuke me not in thine indignation, neither chasten me in thy displeasure."

("If what we are disputing were some point of law or of human relations where there is no absolute truth or falsehood . . .")

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“Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness, according to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences.”

(“We could assume that he who argued successfully did so by evidence of his superior reasoning.”)

“For I acknowledge my faults and my sin is ever before me.”

(“But in the natural sciences conclusions are true and inescapable.”)

“Hear my prayer, O God, and let my cry come unto thee.”

(“In such conclusions the human will is not involved.”)

“Out of the deep have I called upon thee, O Lord, Lord hear my voice.”

(“Most dangerous of all is the thought of him who believes that he can introduce a new philosophy.”)

“Hide not thy face from me in the time of my trouble . . . incline thine ear unto me when I call.”

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But the Church was not strict. It wished more to silence Galileo than to punish him. Within a short time he was released from prison in Rome and allowed to return to Florence. Again, within a short time, a special dispensation allowed him to relinquish to his daughter the task of reciting the penitential psalms.

There was indeed no need for further discipline for his spirit was gone.

Despite his renunciation, homage still came to him. Milton, travelling in Italy, stopped to see him, so did Thomas Hobbes. The Estates General of Holland sent him a chair and a carved wooden box, and with these gifts came a letter from Hugo Grotius, another great man who in a crisis forgot where his loyalty was due. Grotius' letter ended "*Nolo id mihi gloriae sumere ut inter discipulos tuos me fuisse dicam.*" (Nothing adds more to my glory than to list myself as one of your disciples.)

But trouble came to compensate these mild honours. In 1637 he began to go blind. Still he worked a little, publishing in 1638 his *Dialogue on the New Sciences* which recapitulated some of his earlier researches, and laid down some of the principles of mechanics. He also developed the theory of impact, and did further experimenting

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in connection with his first scientific observation of the swinging lamp, which was to help Huygens with the pendulum fifteen years later.

In 1642 aged seventy-eight years he died. Perhaps the pleasantest that history yields about him are the letters written him by his daughter, Polinessa. Though at an early age he had relegated her to a convent, though through most of his life he appears to have paid little heed to her, still her letters, addressed to her "Dear Lord and Master," as she called him, over a hundred of which have been preserved, suggest that there must have been a very gentle side of him which, though it is lost to our eyes, could have called forth such tender affection.

But even with her letters and her prayers, his last years must have weighed heavily on him, for with all his glory disgrace was mixed, and his sight was gone.

He is reputed to have said when blindness was imminent, that perhaps it was but fair, as his eyes had seen more than those of any of the sons of Adam. They had, and in the telescope he left them behind him for posterity. We see through them today.

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The famous abjuration looms out of his life over everything. It was ignominious and cowardly and yet we doubt that man can be expected to give his life for a scientific theory; and Galileo's life would in all probability have been the penalty of obduracy.

Though he is frequently referred to in the same category as Servetus and Bruno, as one of the martyrs of science, he should not be, for he quite definitely declined the martyrdom offered him.

Two interpretations can be put on his actions, one that he recognized the Church's position as nearer the truth than his, the other, that moved chiefly by fear, he did not consider either position as of much importance, compared to the saving of the few years of life remaining to him.

Had he single-heartedly pursued his scientific labours he would probably never have come to trouble. But this he was not great enough to know. There was in him a mental quirk which destined him to disaster, a dark star his eyes could not see, nor his telescope discover. To know the truth was at first the dominating motive of his life, but with knowledge came another motive, the desire to establish himself as the final authority on all subjects. There is fairly accurate indication of his

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attitude of mind in a particular one of his works, the weighty volume of criticism on the *Gerusalemme Liberata* of Tasso. He dissected and belaboured Tasso with a liberty that would have been astonishing had he been a poet himself, which he was not, despite his few poetic works, his lectures on the poets, and the fact that he is said to have known the *Orlando Furioso* by heart.

Nor did he hold truth as high as he should have. It can be protested that he did not believe in the Church with which he was so willing to quarrel. He bitterly attacked it throughout almost his entire life, for its failure to recognize certain, to him, obvious truths. And yet his own life shows no particularly remarkable adherence to that virtue save in his scientific work. He took advantage of the Church's lenience with him to attack her, and yet never openly did he quarrel. The whole record of his trial shows him as doublefaced, every other statement has a double meaning. He broke his promise to avoid theology in his arguments, and yet when he was confronted with what he had done, he tried to word his admission of double dealing so that even this could still be interpreted two ways.

Scientific truth did not conflict essentially with

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religion. Aquinas had said this, and explained it, and the Church believed it. But new truth is not always easy to identify, and hasty change is usually dangerous. Truth the Church did not fear, but error masquerading as truth it did. We condemn with complacency today the slowness with which the Roman Church accepted the new discoveries of science; yet it is not impossible, or even unlikely, that in its unwillingness to change, merely for the sake of change, is the secret of its proud survival. It has outlasted every empire born since its own birth, it has withstood successfully every attack of science and philosophy, of sceptre and of sword. The sacramental lights before that church's altars burn today as they have burned for twenty centuries.

Truth is a part of religion, and has been always; it was even of that encumbered and overbalanced religion of XVIIth century Rome. Despite surface falseness and fallacy, despite ignorance where there should have been wisdom, despite obscurantism and pedantry where light should have been, still within the Christian revelation there was a truth, deeper and more abiding than all the truths of science and art.

That essential and transcendent truth like all

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great things we see, as St. Paul said and Plato before him, "per speculum in enigmatē," as through a glass, darkly. We have no words to tell it, yet passages in the Bible that suggest it, the Church has always particularly cherished, "A humble and contrite heart the Lord will not despise." "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Words like these contradict no discoveries of science, they supplement them all.

A love for this, the best of the Church, was not incompatible with scientific research as to the orbits of the planets about the sun. Galileo need not have played the double rôle of scientist and iconoclast. But his genius was not great enough.

Withal he was magnificent. He did his scientific work with tireless and devoted energy, measured, weighed and recorded, everything to which he could apply his mind. He overcame almost insuperable obstacles; confident in himself he departed from the practice of every predecessor, regardless of the authority attached to his name.

In addition to his scientific ability he showed bright flashes of a literary genius almost never found in men of science. The titles alone of some of his works suggest it, *Nuncius Sidereus*, *The*

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Sidereal Messenger; *Il Saggiatore*, The Archer. How much more likely had he called the latter, A Dissertation on Comets, as Atmospheric Emanations. Again it was genius that led him to write the book on the two systems in the form of a dialogue.

Genius told him to time the swinging lamp with his pulse, to see in an instant the significance of his observations of falling bodies, and to grasp the possibilities of the telescope undreamed of by the plodding Dutchman who actually discovered it. He is one more superman, whose mind goes in leaps instead of steps, who leaves the valleys to tread atop the mountains. He began a new era of science, he closed the old one of the Middle Ages.

We forget how strange that old science was! The astronomer not only considered the earth flat and motionless, with Jerusalem as its centre, but the heavens he believed to be in the form of an inverted bowl. Cycles and epicycles, cycles upon cycles, had been fantastically invented to account for the apparent motions. Though men no longer considered the sky as peopled with the heroes of Olympian antiquity, from the scientific point of view the Ptolemaic theory was little better.

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Chemistry was still concerned with the search for the philosopher's stone.

Mechanics and dynamics were utterly misunderstood, rest rather than motion was considered the natural state; and of all the mechanical principles now known, only the wheel, the lever, and the arch were widely used.

Biology was fantastic. Philippe de Thaun's Bestiary, though in the form of a poem to his lady, Aliz, was nevertheless seriously intended as a scientific work. In its utter disregard of practical experience and observation as contributing *anything* to knowledge, it is a good example of pre-Galilean science. The panther he describes as a beast of "mult precius estre," most precious being. Its "signification" comes from Pan which in Greek means all. From this he deduces that the panther has all the values, and all the colours, and is beloved of all other beasts. "It is gentle and good natured, it sleeps three days, and when it wakes on the third, and gets up, it utters a great cry, and the cry makes to go forth from its mouth, a sweet odour, as of pine and balsam, which draws all other beasts to it, save only the dragon, which at the sound and odour throws itself on the ground and groans." Philippe de Thaun, of course, long preceded

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Galileo. But Olaus Magnus, the more recent scholar of Upsala, quoted with such pleasure by all lovers of the odd from Burton to Borrow, described the hibernating of swallows at the bottom of lakes and in one edition of his work showed a picture of fishermen catching the birds from a lake with nets.

While Francis Bacon believed in the experimental method and attached a scientific value to observation, still he had more links with the old schools of thought. Galileo had almost none; the first real impetus to science to depart from the old half mystical method was given by him with his telescope. Literally he gave man a new universe.

What takes the place of that inverted bowl, dotted with the five thousand or so stars that mediæval eyes could see? Now through the largest telescopes are revealed about one thousand million stars, and each larger one that we build adds more. Suns, nebulae, and whole galactic systems whirl across the mysterious distance in coils and spirals, in circles and ellipses, at speeds beyond the speed of thought, and at distances beyond the undreamt searchings of our sight. And there is still more: beyond all the distance that we can see, vague hints and shadows tell us that perhaps the

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whole of it, not the whole of our earth, nor of our planetary system, nor of our galactic system, but the great whole of all we know, is but a fraction of another part too vast for thought. So much has Galileo's telescope done for distance.

Time, too, it has changed and this change is harder to describe to our timeful minds to which one certain fact is clear, that time brings death. But what is time? We reckon it in terms of the revolution of our planet upon its axis. Imagine for a moment a man holding in his hand a string, to the end of which is attached a gyroscopic top, which spins within the stationary spherical framework to which the man's string is fastened. Consider the top as the earth and remember its motion. Each revolution is a day, and remember that a day is a measure of life to us. The man now starts swinging the string, so that the top describes a circle, twirling first past his head, then past his feet. There are now two motions. He next steps on to a circular platform, which is revolving horizontally. This platform is the floor of one of the cars of a Ferris wheel, which also begins to turn. Here are only four motions, while in the little we know of the universe we have already discovered seven. But with just the four where is time? Is the

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measure of it in terms of the spinning of the gyroscopic top at the end of the man's string?

Is the time of the universe the spinning of our earth? If we who are men, leave this gyroscopic top of an earth, leave its tiny whirling motion, and launch out into one of these other motions, what happens?

Remember the lady in the fairy story and her lover on the distant planet. They agreed to think of each other for a particular moment. The moment of the lover on the planet took, for the girl on earth, a hundred years to pass. Before it was over she was dead. What is time?

If the gyroscopic top spins faster than the platform and the Ferris wheel and faster than the man swings the string, should we find, if we flew off the top which we call the earth, that time, *id est*, life, passed more slowly as we drew away from the planet? Suppose, on the other hand, all the other motions to be swifter. Would our bodies then be consumed by a hungrier flame? Is time motion? If it is, suppose these four motions to reverse each other. Would we then, flying off our earth find the past ahead of us and the future already accomplished? Suppose the motions to neutralize each other, is there then no time? Where has mortality

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gone? Where is the future, where the past? Where is Time? Thus has Galileo's telescope dealt with it.

Somewhere in this time and space and motion is hidden the fourth dimension. The point moving in space, in a direction not contained in itself makes a line of one dimension. The line moving similarly in a direction it does not contain, makes a two-dimensional plane. If we move the plane we get the solid. Now, bearing in mind the previous discussion of time and motion, of future and of past and the conception of all existing together, have we not then in the motion of the solid in a direction not contained in itself, but in this new sort of time, a vague glimpse of a fourth dimension?

One physicist points out that though the three-dimensional body is a part of the four-dimensional body, we cannot conceive the latter in terms of the former. His illustration though perhaps not scientific is vivid. If we place our finger tips on the surface of a table they will make five circles. No amount of study of those circles from the plane surface of the table can indicate the third dimension in which are contained the hand and the arm, or what is more striking, the head and the brain.

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The observer from the two-dimensional table surface must rise to a third dimension before he can understand those phenomena.

The pure scientist makes no claim that the hand and arm, to keep the parallel, exist, but the suggestion is of interest.

Is the thread too thin, the way too devious, which leads all this back to Galileo Galilei, gentleman of Florence, who timed the oscillations of Possenti's lamp with his pulse, who pondered on the velocity of falling bodies, and who, with the telescope he had himself constructed, first looked up to the other worlds above us? We think not.

But despite the heights he braved, his reward on this earth was slight, for though the world cares not what its pigmies do, its great ones it binds more closely to the wheel. Their deviations are more noticeable, their falls from greatness the more easily accomplished, and the depths to which their spirits sink, the deeper and harder to bear.

Martin Luther is the example of the great and good heart frustrated by the little mind; in Galileo the picture is reversed. His mind is great, his heart is little. Had he been good enough, he could have loved the essential Truth and Beauty of the Church with which he struggled, and still, we be-

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lieve, could his mind have found the outlet he needed in the subject he loved. But only the blameless and selfless work miracles. He, alas, was neither; had he been, the whole of history might be different, he might himself have done what Newton did, and we might have had an Einstein two centuries earlier. It is an idle flight of fancy.

Three hundred years away, we cannot be sure that we can read his heart aright. Regardless of what we fondly say he might have been, he is one more of the great Changers, one of those men who by their own lives make life for all who follow different.

When he died, he had, as he said, seen more than any of the sons of Adam. And he left his eyes behind him.

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CHAPTER IV

LUDWIG van BEETHOVEN

1770-1827

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"Beethoven est l'homme souffrant, l'homme moderne."

D'INDY

"I always seem to have a vague feeling that he is a Satan among musicians, a fallen angel in the darkness."

HAVELOCK ELLIS

"In a world of peace and love, music would be in the universal language, and men would greet each other in the fields in such accents as a Beethoven now utters at rare intervals at a distance."

THOREAU

"I know nothing more beautiful than the 'Apassionata'. I could hear it every day. It is marvellous unearthly music . . . Every time I hear these notes . . . I want to say amiable stupidities and stroke the heads of the people who can create such beauty in a filthy hell. But today is not the time to stroke people's heads; today hands descend to split skulls open, split them open ruthlessly."

LENIN

■

CHAPTER IV

Ludwig van Beethoven

"There is only one Beethoven."

WITH a domestic servant for a mother, and for father the (usually) drunken, tenor singer of the electoral court at Bonn, Ludwig van Beethoven was born in the year 1770. Science is confounded in his birth; his heredity and the environment in which he grew up were conformed to crush him. With his almost worthless parents, his childhood passed in penury; each sign of the art within him was prostituted at its birth, to serve the greed of his family, who hoped to make of him another *Wunderkind* as had been the young Mozart. At eleven he was giving recitals, advertised as the nine-year-old prodigy.

Still despite it all, the amaranthine flower of his genius grew secretly to its own purpose; for fate, laughing surely, had ordained that this boy, child

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of trouble as he was, should rise on the wings of his trouble to change the whole world of art.

From the poverty of Bonn, from the companionship of the brawling musicians and servants of that little court, this child of Magdalena and old Ludwig van Beethoven was to pass to Vienna, then the very city of music; was to be the lover of high-born ladies whose bright jewels were but foils for brighter eyes; was to live on equal terms with princes (it was to Prince Lichnowsky that he wrote, "There will be thousands more like you; there is only one Beethoven"); was to walk arm and arm through Vienna's streets with that Goethe whom all the world delighted to honour, and when the bows and plaudits of the crowd annoyed the poet, to say to him, "Do not let them trouble Your Excellency, the greetings are probably intended for me."

Thus does genius defy our comprehension. High birth and fine inheritance are as nothing to it, health and wealth nothing. There are no laws for it. It strikes as wild as lightning.

Ludwig van Beethoven of Bonn and Vienna, he is a mixture of Luther, Napoleon, Casanova, and the very God of music himself; he is lover, egoist, reformer, and sweet, sweet singer. There was no

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music like his before him, after him all music is partly his.

From the servants' quarters at Bonn to the palaces and opera houses of Vienna, to his own death-bed there in 1827, his life was melodrama; comedy and tragedy walked hand in hand beside him. Fortune gave to him the golden apple of success, then took from him his hearing. His ladies, Therese, Amalie, Julia, Bettina, Lucia, and all the others loved him, but never enough; deaf, diseased, in poverty usually despite the money that came into his hands, fighting with everyone, weeping over the sorrows of mankind, it was all melodrama; melodrama with him even to his final sick-bed, whence in a clap of thunder he could not hear, he started up, clenched hands outstretched before him, theatrical to the last, "Plaudite amici," he cried, "commoedia finita est!" It was his greeting to Death. But the melodrama was not so to end, he outlived the tempest of that night. When finally, the next day, Death was at last upon him he did not know, and had no fine phrase ready. A friend had sent him a case of wine. "What a pity that did not come sooner," he said, and died.

Behind him he left fifty-seven sonatas, fourteen trios, nineteen quartets, two sextets, one septet

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and one octet, nine symphonies, seven concertos, two masses, one opera, an overture and incidental music to Goethe's *Egmont*, a ballet, two festival dream pieces, a phantasia for chorus and orchestra, six religious songs, the aria *Adelaide*, and numerous variations on themes of Bach, Diabelli, Rhi-fini, and others. It is a not inconsiderable achievement. He rode the golden horse of his genius across an uncertain sky, seeing not (did he care?) whither he went, but always spurring onward.

There was to some extent a veritable conspiracy of nature and of society which met him at his birth. The years he lived were great years for the world, the years of the French Revolution and the American, the years of the discovery of the proletariat, the years of the Egoist of Corsica who was to write his name on every state of Europe.

But he was not the only star of that new galaxy which sprang to light and life to begin with the turn of the century, what we call the Romantic movement. Scott, Goethe, Chateaubriand, Corot, Delacroix and the young Lord Byron, they too saw that the world had changed since Greece and Rome, since Anselm and Erigena. But the star Alpha of that constellation was Beethoven.

The change from the unity of the Middle Ages

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to the diversity of modern times is the great event of the world's history since the beginning of Christianity.

Three hundred years before Beethoven, the new spirit had manifested itself in Martin Luther. By him religion and politics were changed. Copernicus and Galileo were the men of the new science. Beethoven is the great figure of the change in art.

There are two kinds of art, classic which is the art of unity, and romantic which is the art of diversity. Various interpretations are given to these words, but essentially their meaning is simple.

We have come to apply the term classic to the art of Greece and Rome and to whatever of modern art seems to derive its inspiration from that early art. Actually the word means only *with a class*. There is the Greek and Roman classicism of antiquity, there is the Christian classicism of the Middle Ages, and the neo-classicism of the Renaissance. Classic art is art with a formula, it is the art of a system. Mediæval art is classic, its formula, its system, is the unity of the Middle Ages, the Christian ideal.

Romanticism in art is the expression of the wonderful rather than the probable, it is the strange

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rather than the commonplace, it is the unexpected, the intense, the superlative, the extreme, the unique. It abolishes all formula, all restraint, it seeks all new experience, it accepts nothing that it has not itself met, where classicism knows, romanticism is seeking, even though it may be unconsciously, to find a new formula, a new system, out of which paradoxically a new classicism can be made, an antithesis thus of diversity, of itself romanticism. We are taught by our wise men that the change, the new spirit that came to the world in Martin Luther, appeared in art in the work of the Renaissance artists. The fact that the greatest artists of the Renaissance antedated Luther by about a century presents, however, an obstacle to this theory.

What we call the Renaissance in art is not primarily a revival of classicism, but a substitution, for the classicism of the Middle Ages, of that of Greece and Rome.

So far have the motive spirits of the Renaissance and Reformation been misunderstood by modern scholars that the former have been considered by some as having inspired the latter. Great volumes have been written to support this theory, the

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mountains have laboured, but only the Horatian mouse has been brought forth.

There is no important connection between the two. No longer need the student burn his midnight oil to ponder how Martin Luther, if he were the brain child of Giotto, and Cavalini, and Cima-bue, and Frederick II, and Petrarch, could have visited Italy during the glory of her Renaissance and remained completely untouched by her wiles.

The so-called Renaissance ended the Middle Ages. The Reformation brought the change to the new times. With Luther the modern world began.

The artist of the XIVth and XVth centuries saw in the world about him, the signs and portents of the failure of the Christian unity as a system on which the world could run. It was failing for life, and it failed as a formula for art. Its application no longer carried conviction and the artist took, unconsciously, perhaps, the easiest course offered to him; he found another artistic formula, that of Greece and Rome, and superimposed it on the formula of mediæval Christianity. He predicted but he did not presage the change. This is not wonderful, for art nearly always follows life; it rarely leads it.

To understand the change from the works of

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those artists of the Renaissance is impossible; to seek in their work the results of the revolt, the new individualism, the new democracy, is futile, for they are not there. Donatello and Michelangelo are but lesser, or greater, copies of Phidias and Praxiteles, the Renaissance painter is only the new Apelles. The conscious dissatisfaction with the old order is all that can be found in that art.

Before the construction of the new began there had first to be the destruction of the old. The dissatisfaction with life meant a general lowering of social and moral standards, a general laxity in manners and morals, and this appeared in some of the contemporary art, in painting for example, in some of the work of Correggio and Titian, in the drama in Machiavelli, in poetry in Ariosto and others. And while a large number of the painters and sculptors disregarded entirely the decadence that surrounded them, to turn the full power of their genius to the recovery not only of the form but of the spirit as well of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," most of that great company of artists of XVth and XVIth century Europe were content to hold up the mirror to the effete and corrupt society in which they lived.

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Three hundred years, three long and tumultuous centuries were to pass before the full meaning of Luther's revolt against authority was to pass from religion, from science, from politics, into the field of art; partly because the old still struggled with the new, and the Church claimed to itself a share of the genius that was born; partly because the rediscovered Greek and Roman classicism offered, from the point of view of form alone, sufficient possibilities of combination with the mediæval formula, to satisfy the not too inquiring spirit of the geniuses of the ensuing centuries; and, last but not least, because the full import of the life and work of Martin Luther were not clear to the world until the Revolution and the Terror had come in France.

In the intervening years Protestantism grew strong and flourished; slowly but with finality, Democracy, first-born child of Protestantism, evolved; science revised the Biblical and Aristotelian conceptions of geology and cosmology; but painting, poetry, sculpture, architecture, and music lagged far behind.

Then at last came Beethoven, bringing all the strength and force of the change, then at last Classicism fell, at last individualism and conscious re-

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volt attained to art, and the romantic movement, the Reformation of art began.

Cynical and sophisticated as was the neo-classicism of Europe prior to Beethoven it had much to commend it; materialistically at least it was beautiful, and though its purpose was not high, the purpose it had, it fulfilled. With the old Christian unity for the most part discarded, life in the world was left rather sad and aimless; for after all the spiritual deficiencies of paganism had been discovered before the birth of Christ. The representation of life as it was, was a dreary affair. Consequently the new paganism in art which started with the Renaissance, became in the following centuries, chiefly concerned with the representation of life as it was not. The new formula became essentially a formula of compromise. It reached its highest and most vivid development in the work of such artists as Fragonard and Watteau, Beaumarchais and Mozart in Europe and the Cavalier poets and their followers in England.

The artist, in lovelier than natural sylvan glades, painted lovelier than natural ladies and gentlemen, and entirely unnatural nymphs and fauns. (Observe that the deviation from actuality is in a

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direction that is pleasant, to the senses at least.) There had been nymphs and fauns in art before, somewhat similarly, in mediæval art, both the unicorn and the hippogrif, whose relation to life is about the same as that of the nymph and faun, had been popular as subjects. But now the intent was changed; the unicorn that the artist believed in, was a very different animal from the faun that he did not believe in; the first was naïve, the second sophisticated; the first could be a part of an attempt to find reality, the second could only be a part of an attempt to escape it.

Beaumarchais from the decadent and artificial society of the times made sparkling, witty comedy. His plays dealt with scenes, often of the deepest tragedy; of lust, of seduction, of cruelty and infidelity; his villains heaped one vice upon another, and yet remained agreeable, and always his heroines escaped their every wile. Out of infamy and vice, virtue rose with monotonous regularity to ridiculous triumphs. On the premises that life was bitter and corrupt, the artist depicted what, if his premises were granted could never have happened; he denied in his art, either the existence of virtue, or of its right to any triumph, or both.

Mozart did the same for music. In his Figaro,

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the spirit of the play was exactly reflected; with tuneful bass Ho! Ho's! the villain plotted his villainy, while a lovely and virtuous heroine melodiously contemplated the arrangements for her impending seduction, in a fluttering and beautiful soprano, entirely devoid of emotion.

There are many more such examples. Who doubts need but listen to the "*Che faro senza Euridice*" of Gluck's Orpheus, or to any sonatas by Corelli or Vivaldi.

Into this very world, whose artists feared and loathed sincerity and emotion as a woman loathes a mouse, was born the sensitive, passionate, burning, middle class Beethoven.

Observe once more the concatenation of events in which nature thrust him. Science and religion had responded to the change, now almost at the moment of his birth, had come the Revolution in France, followed by Buonaparte. Think again the adjectives of romanticism, wonderful, strange, unexpected, intense, superlative, extreme, unique; they are the words which describe that Europe.

In the service of his art, his genius turned to the past to learn its lesson. Art had ignored the change, its dominant quality was artificiality, its apparent purpose the decoration of life. Bee-

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thoven was born with a sword in his hand; other men of genius he saw about him, they too had their swords, but the purpose of the sword was gone, it was no longer used for battle, it was become a toy. Contemporary art was static. Beethoven was essentially dynamic.

Beethoven's music prior to 1800 was an attempt to adjust himself to his artistic environment. It is reminiscent of Mozart and Haydn and gives almost no hint of what is to come. But his fierce and weak nature was not long to be proscribed within the limits that contemporary art had placed on the spirit and form of music, and from the date of the First Symphony (1800) his personality began to emerge. In Beethoven the soul itself was new, his ego was aflame within him; he was no court or church musician; the great current of individualism, the stream of that revolt which had carried Luther to his doubtful glory, had caught him, and he seethed with passion, be it the passion of himself, or of the world in which his lot was cast. Romanticism is the apotheosis of passion, not impersonal and universal, but internal, personal, and subjective.

This is the reason of what he said. But understand the quality of the very genius itself, that we

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cannot. What he said with his art, and why he said it, the details of his life and a philosophy of æsthetics reveal; how he said it is hidden. The heart and head of him we grasp and can examine beneath our microscope; but the actual, physical creative part of him defies our scrutiny. Partly it was the sense of hearing, delicately attuned, and sensitive, yet this was lacking after the middle of his life, and apparently was never so remarkable in him as in Mozart; somewhat it was the senses of touch, and of sight, all combined with some strange degree of mathematical ability, with the result, that mysteriously, he was in tune, in vibration sympathetically, with the whole world, not only in the simple musical vibrations of joy, or those of the commoner, sweet, insipid sorrow, but he knew those subtler motions of the air and ether which make in human hearts the response that belongs by right to love and fear, "eternal passion, eternal pain," to "hope, and that strange longing like regret."

How he did this, what the gift we do not know. From the scores of his music we find the very notes at which suddenly our hearts are light or heavy; they are as old, as worn as the diatonic scale, they

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have responded to the touch of all who have made music.

The contrast with the old music is terrific. In Cherubino's song in the opera Figaro there is the old classicism, in style and in spirit translated by Mozart into music. No one better understood the old language. In the Moonlight Sonata (Opus 27 No. 2), which, though Beethoven did not call it a love song, nor even give it its name, still we know by the dedication, was written for the Countess Julia Guicciardi, the music speaks in unequivocal terms the speech of love in the new language of romanticism.

In the Moonlight, the opening is formal; the regular, low treble introduction is typical of the old technique, though even in the first bars the deep bass C sharp and B suggest the scarce concealed passion. Then with a burst at the end of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth bar the main theme of the first movement begins; and now of a sudden, it is clear that it is the heart that is speaking, and speaking of love; of its humility, its despair, and of its infinite tenderness. There can be no adequate description of it, for with each who uses it, the language changes, the message is never twice alike. It is entirely characteristic of Bee-

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thoven, that by the time he reached the third movement of the Moonlight he had entirely forgotten the lady he thought he loved. This last movement is far greater, yet still in it we catch at instants the refrain that was the recurring motif of his life, his remark to Lichnowsky, "There is only one Beethoven."

In Cherubino's song, there is again the formal introduction, but the melody when it begins, rhythmic, lovely as it is, balanced, restrained, delicate, has no such story to tell. It is an emotionless exposition of the strongest emotion that moves men's hearts.

There are perfect parallels in the other arts. Behold the classic attitude in Herrick's *To Electra*.

*"I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that, 'or this
I might grow proud the while.
No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee."*

In his poem addressed to Music is expressed the very idea that art is but a gentle decoration, an

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ameliorative of life; speaking of his unrequited passion he says (to Music)

*“ . . . Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle licking flame
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My pains asleep,
And give me such repose
That I, poor I,
May think thereby
I live and die
'Mongst roses.”*

With the coming of the romantic movement that spirit vanishes; no more is the aim of life to think “I live and die ’mongst roses.”

*“There is a pleasure which is born of pain,
The grave of all things hath its violet,
Else why, thro’ days which never come again
Roams Hope with that strange longing like
Regret.*

*. . . Thy name hath been a silence in my life
So long it falters upon memory now
O more to me than sister or than wife,
Once . . . and now nothing . . .”*

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This is Romantic, this is new; it is no more like the old than the night is like the day. Here is all the feeling that had been banished from art since the times when men like the great Innocent wrote their tender little Hail Marys, "Ave! caritate plena, Virgo dulcis et serena." But these were inspired by love of an abstraction, now the Self leads.

It is moreover the same language, the same message as that of the Moonlight. Throughout the rest of Beethoven's music and most of the music after him the contrast stands. In the Moonlight, he adheres somewhat to the conventional tricks of technique, but in his later work, for instance, the *Apassionata*, not only spirit but form as well is new, and so in the other late sonatas, in the most of the symphonies and concertos, in the *Missa Solemnis*, and in the last quartets.

Bound by its rigid technical conventions as well as its rigid interpretation of life most of the old music (except Bach) is similar. In the Credo of Mozart's B Major Mass, the solemnest part of the Communion office, it is not hard to detect the strains that run through *Figaro*, to imagine as the Priest in gorgeous chasuble and stole stands before the high altar, the lovely, wanton, garden scene in the last act of the opera. How different is the

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Credo of the Missa Solemnis! Though in places it is confused, though it does not carry any conviction that has much significance with regard to the Christianity it professes, and this is perhaps not remarkable since Beethoven hardly believed in it himself, still it is a passionate outburst from his heart, not clear, for the heart it came from was not clear, but sounding forth in every chord and cadence an emotion that is felt, it rings with truth.

The music of Beethoven from 1800 to the end, is his own life, told in his art. Except for occasional moments, it was not a happy life; it is not, except occasionally, happy music. The art is infinitely great, the life is a poor thing.

He was cursed with that worst of curses, he could never forget himself; all of life, all of the world that he saw, came to his eyes in the form of his own relation to it, and its to him. The resultant melancholy, which in his music seems sometimes almost studied, is not actually so, but is sincere.

"Heaven knows what will become of me . . ." he wrote Wegeler in 1801, referring to his impending deafness, "I have often cursed my existence." The next year he wrote the familiar passage in his will, "Oh ye men who regard or declare me to be malig-

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nant, stubborn, or cynical, how unjust are ye toward me! You do not know the cause of my seeming so. . . . During the last six years I have been in a wretched condition . . . it may last for years or even be totally incurable. . . . How humiliating was it, when someone standing close to me heard a distant flute, and I heard nothing, or a shepherd singing, and again I heard nothing. Such incidents almost drove me to despair; at times I was at the point of putting an end to my life—art alone restrained my hand. . . . O my fellow men . . . remember that you were unjust to me. . . . Recommend to your children virtue, it alone can bring happiness, not money.”

In other letters, throughout the rest of his life, the tone is almost always the same. He complains of “hours of darkness in which I could do nothing . . .” “I am troubled with asthma, I much fear it will lead to consumption. I also suffer from melancholy.” From his correspondents who are legion, he has no secrets, “What a sad life is mine” he writes; again, “I will defy my fate,” “I have emptied the cup of bitter sorrow. . . . I have won martyrdom in art.” Five years later Shelley was to write, “I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!” It is the same spirit in each. The Self has come to art.

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He wrote often of his love affairs, "I have found one I love but she will never be mine." To the lady herself he protests that never can he love another; but he was wrong, and lived to prosecute several more unsuccessful affairs. Now and again, high professions appear upon his pages, "for me the spiritual kingdom is dearest, it is above all intellectual and worldly monarchies," "when I open my eyes, I must sigh at what I see, it is contrary to my religion, and I must despise the world which does not suspect that music is a higher revelation than all of wisdom and philosophy," "one must be somebody if one wishes to appear so," "power is the morality of men who stand out from the rest, and it is also mine," "the only good thing is a beautiful good soul." Does he perhaps protest too much? Judge him, for how well he lived up to the best of himself, we cannot; the use he made of the talents that were given him, only his own heart knew; this is between him and his God; and yet because he spoke in language that all the world has delighted to hear, we can and must, from the very nature of the message he brought, make a judgment, not of the relation of the man to his own immortal soul, but of his life on earth, to the lives of other men.

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Then we find that the pity, the sympathy that at first glance his life commands, it does not wholly deserve. His numerous love affairs, his uncontrollable temper, his carelessness about money matters, his indifference to any sort of regularity in his personal habits, his cruel and unjust treatment of his brother's widow and his separation of her from her son, his perpetual nagging at the son till after some years of it the boy attempted suicide, his dishonest dealings with publishers, and these moreover at the very moment of some of his most famous utterances about high principles, all this ran as the undercurrent to the tears and sighs at his misfortunes. He was no saint! But saint or no, we hardly care. Into the arts that were decayed and dying, he inspired the breath of a new life. He brought back feeling and sincerity, sometimes too much feeling, often too little sincerity. But he was never sophisticated, never cynical, and these were above all others the killing vices that had clutched their strangle-hold on the arts. He is the first great modern artist to realize that since the life of Martin Luther the world had changed. There was, alas, no basic consistent theory underlying his accomplishment, except this idea of the expression of his own feeling, the self of him. While, to a de-

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gree, this was what was needed, it was not all. Observe the progress of events in the works of others.

Strong men like Hugo and Dickens seized the new idea, using the feeling for the exemplification of old ideas from the old unity. These and the few others like them were strong, but the myriad were weak. The passionate but unguided idealism of the beginning of the romantic movement turned to passionate sentimentality, then to sentimentality without passion. Then came deep feeling again, once more the spirit of worship returned, but the worship now is changed, the beloved good of the mediæval unity is discarded. The end of the XIXth century discovered a new worship, that of Beauty, for its own sake. At this new altar are the *fin-de-siècle* decadents, from whom the step to the cynics and pessimists and to today's sadistic realists is obvious.

There are in this sequence frequent anachronisms. But when it is remembered that we are dealing with genius, the one certain quality of which is its eccentricity, these are not to be wondered at. On the whole the course is remorselessly regular. One or two examples of the different stages in some of the arts will suffice to demonstrate the melancholy progression.

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In poetry, after the Cavaliers, and later Dryden, Pope, and Prior, came first, Shelley, and Keats, and Wordsworth, then the sentimentalists, Tennyson, Moore, Fitzgerald, and Rossetti and the other "pre-Raphaelite Brethren"; then with the *fin-de-siècle* decadents the worshippers of beauty, Beaudelaire, Wilde, Dowson; then the cynical and materialistic reaction, from which have come the introverted, so-called realists of today, Sandburg, Leonard and March and a hundred others.

In the novel from Richardson and Fielding, came Scott and Dickens, the first great figures of the change; then the sentimental deterioration in Trollope, Eliot, and a hundred whose names are forgotten; then Hardy, Meredith, James, Gissing, Butler, the cynics; and finally with the XXth century, the decadents and the realists mixed together, Galsworthy, Dreiser, Douglas, Maugham, Joyce, Wassermann, Cabell, Sudermann, Mann and the rest.

In painting after the neo-classicism of Fragonard and Watteau, came Corot, Proudhon and Constable; then the pre-Raphaelites, like Burne-Jones, and Rossetti; then the reaction in the impressionists Manet, Daumier, and Renoir; then the "Art for Art's sake" group of which Beardsley

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will serve as example and finally with Van Gogh, Cézanne, Picasso, and Seurat, the post-impressionists.

In architecture and the closely related art of decoration the tragedy is the bitterest. The lovely Georgian and "Colonial" houses, Georgian silver, Lowestoft porcelain, Hepplewhite and Chippendale furniture, gave place with no redeeming intermediate stage to the gingerbread house, the plush carpet, the horsehair sofa with its antimacassar, and the ultra rococo marble mantelpiece, adorned with the polished conch shells and the stuffed owl under a glass case, from which the reaction to today's architecture seems almost forgivable.

In music the power and emotion that were Beethoven, became in Wagner and Brahms power and sentimentality, in Chopin the power is gone, the emotion turned sweet, mock-pathetic, sensuous. Out of the sickish stew of modern music, Stravinsky and Prokofieff bring a return to an animalistic virility in form that is reminiscent of a sort of Priapean classicism.

At the present pinnacle to which we have succeeded one characteristic is conspicuous, a lack of balance and restraint, a "*manque de mesure.*"

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Neo-classic art before Beethoven was all restraint, modern art is free from any.

To struggle with the Christian classicism which at first the Romantic movement seemed about to adopt, a dozen different philosophies sprang up, mechanists, determinists, behaviourists, organists, evolutionists and the rest, no one of whose proponents, however, gained sufficient acceptance from the world to establish any real unity. Art has preached the gospel of each of these systems. But its most significant accomplishment has been the discovery and preaching of a gospel of its own.

The Art for Art's sake cult, which was the reaction to XIXth century Ruskinism ("art, the handmaid of morality") created a new art, not dry and philosophical, but fervid, and burning with a spirit of worship. A new Deity had come to earth, not from the old theogony of the Stoics and neo-classicists, nor from the Trinity of the mediæval Christians, but Beauty, herself alone.

The Cult of Beauty exclusive of all else, is as Guerard says, a mutilation of the Soul, for art rightly deals not alone with beauty, but as well with her sister ideals, truth and goodness *and their opposites!*

Venus, that meretricious but lovely lady, was

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not ill chosen as the Goddess of ancient beauty. The new worship of beauty of the XIXth century became very quickly the worship first of young womanhood, then of professional beauty. The next stop was for it to turn macabre. The end is pornolatrous and degenerate sadism and worse. Vice and degeneracy are dangerous only when they are mistakable for their opposites. This is precisely the situation that has arisen in the arts today.

The concurrent opposites of the three ideals, Truth, Beauty and Goodness, occurring together are natural. But any one of the three without the other two springs only from a mutilated soul and is unnatural. The analogy in the field of religion, i.e., the field of the good, is eloquent. Was not consciousness of beauty all that saved Saint Francis of Assisi from turning into the self-torturing type of ascetic so common in India?

Prior to Beethoven the world's artists had by and large ignored the Reformation. Some art remained Christian, Bach for instance, despite his having been a Lutheran was for all practical purposes a mediæval Churchman, but the arts of painting and sculpture had become inoffensively hedonistic. Most art, from ancient times up to

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Beethoven was at least intelligible. It was created for four general purposes, to help man or to amuse him, to amuse the artist (this type of art is rare before the romantic movement) and finally and most important, to make the Best-the-Artist-Knew. This latter, under the mediæval unity obviously meant artistic creation for the glory of God.

But since Beethoven, the simple categories are gone. Sociology and medicine which, if they have any business in the arts, belong in the "help-man" art, stalk through the pages of modern writers mixed up with the "amuse-man" art and the "best-the-artist-knew" art. Certain biological aspects of life it is vital that we learn. Whoever exposes them to men's understanding as what they are, does us a service; but, who turns them into amusement creates something the effect of which is probably vicious.

Flaubert and his lesser modern counterparts, Sinclair Lewis, and Dreiser, sociologists rather than artists, should have written their mean indictments of mankind as scientific theories. "Middletown, A Study in Contemporary American Culture" by Robert Lynd, a book in great favour with modern scholars, is such a book as they should have produced. As science such views are refuta-

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ble but hiding behind the banner of art, the authors of such books get widespread and serious considerations for opinions not only mean, but largely unreliable; and more than that, as a result of contemporary critical practice they remove themselves beyond the reach of criticism from any point of view except that of form.

All this were perhaps unimportant, were it not for the fact that the advent of individualism to art has given as much power to artists as the discovery of gun-powder and artillery gave to soldiers.

Art, we have discovered since the beginning of the last century can aid poverty, it can alleviate social inequalities, it can foster in men's hearts charity, and faith, and hope, and give them courage to meet what comes in life, and to smile at death. And it can do the opposite of these things. Because they were to some extent artists, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche could foist upon mankind unstable and ill-conceived fallacies. Just as Jean Valjean has made man happy, has Zarathustra made him discontented.

To whomever is concerned with the survival of our civilization and our race, art, in the last hundred years, has become a problem.

Plato who was an artist banished the artists from

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the Republic; Aristotle who was not an artist let them return. He saw in art only its purpose, and he thought that he could adapt this, eventually, to his own.

He saw art approximately as did Tolstoy as no more or less than a language for the communication of a message from the artist to the rest of the world. He applied to it only the criterion that we apply to any speaker, to wit, that he talk, or, in the case of the artist, make sense.

This might be well enough, were it not for the fact that it ignores all mystic art; Blake, for instance, and the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes rarely deviate into sense; and for the most important fact that by this standard, Harriet Beecher Stowe, who freed the slaves, must be admitted a greater artist than Walt Whitman. We know this is not so. Again the voluptuous ladies of Rubens are greater than the loveliness of Sir Joshua Reynolds' Age of Innocence, though to the laymen the former are as near to the base as the latter is to the sublime.

By the Tolstoy-Ruskin philosophy the criteria by which we make these judgments are not evident. If intelligible sense is the standard, Uncle Tom ranks near the top. Artists themselves are

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impotent to explain. Except in their own media they are unintelligible. They cannot tell you why art is more than language, though they look at one work of art, to see in eloquent and unambiguous terms a message which has bettered all the world, and tell you that this artist is lesser than another, who with equal lack of ambiguity, has paraded vice for all to see, garbed in the lovely cloak of virtue.

What, more than language, is art? Can it be that only the artist knows the answer, and that only another artist can comprehend it?

Must ordinary man, poor Everyman, take art as he takes so much else of life, willy-nilly, though it may damn or bless him? Was Plato wise to banish the artists from his Republic?

If he were, it was a purely sophistical wisdom, for whatever art may be, it has one characteristic like religion; the real artist works in his art for nothing that the world can give him. Of riches and comfort he is scornful, he cares nothing for any success. There is lit within him a light for the spreading of which alone he lives, from which divine mission, all the rest of mankind cannot discourage him. We cannot banish the artist nor can we control him.

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We are on the verge of the truth. Let us accept the Tolstoy definition that art is language and add to it, that great art is the necessary, forced expression, in the terms of any of the arts, of a universal ideal in such wise that form and spirit meet.

Now we find "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to be not great art, but great political economy disguised as art. There is more of freedom in one line of Shelley's "O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being," than in a hundred volumes of the worthy Mrs. Stowe. In her work the form is crude, which of itself need not make it poor art; but in addition, the spirit is not a universal ideal, but the specific idea of propaganda.

Before the Reformation the Church was God on Earth. Luther abolished this. Men who were not artists could draw still from other man-made institutions the strength to live sometimes wisely. But Luther, through Beethoven who abolished the old unity for art, made of every artist an orphan. By the Reformation his God was slain, for the artist is a child of God, while we are children of men. Evil as well as good is in him mixed, but the good comes direct from on high, and not through the ordinary channels by which alone we others know. "All other men's worlds," wrote Coleridge once,

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"are the poet's chaos." Unlike the rest of us, the artist to the extent that he is guided by existing external phenomena, deviates from his own peculiar, transcendent religion. Thus, though the greatest artists are invariably saintly, they are never religious. There is religious art, but it is not necessarily of religious subjects.

All great art is good, but the great artist may be good or bad, according to the proportion of active will in him. In ordinary man the function of the will is doing; in the artist it is making. All men do things, and for our doing there is example in the life of every neighbour. But making is creating and only God can show it. The better the artist, the better he will be by the best standards of the world, for the necessity to create in him will be stronger, he will have no time for evil.

The only criterion by which we may judge the artist is that which will show us how hard he has worked, the extent to which he has adhered to the making of the Best-He-Knew. But he must stick to his last, if he turns religious his art will become more religious than artistic, just as Milton was more preacher than poet. He, the artist, is unmoral, the child in our midst, whose childish fingers hold the vials of divine love and wrath.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

The child in him is the more obvious since Beethoven, for since him, he has been left alone, he, the child, who hardly thinks and rarely understands as we understand, to whom the whole external world is mystic, strange, and wonderful, full of meaning that we others do not see, to find his own way to his paternal God.

He speaks, the artist of strange things we know not of, but strangely and paradoxically, if there is no dominant unity to direct him, he must use the language of what institutions and customs we have, however heterodox, for his message.

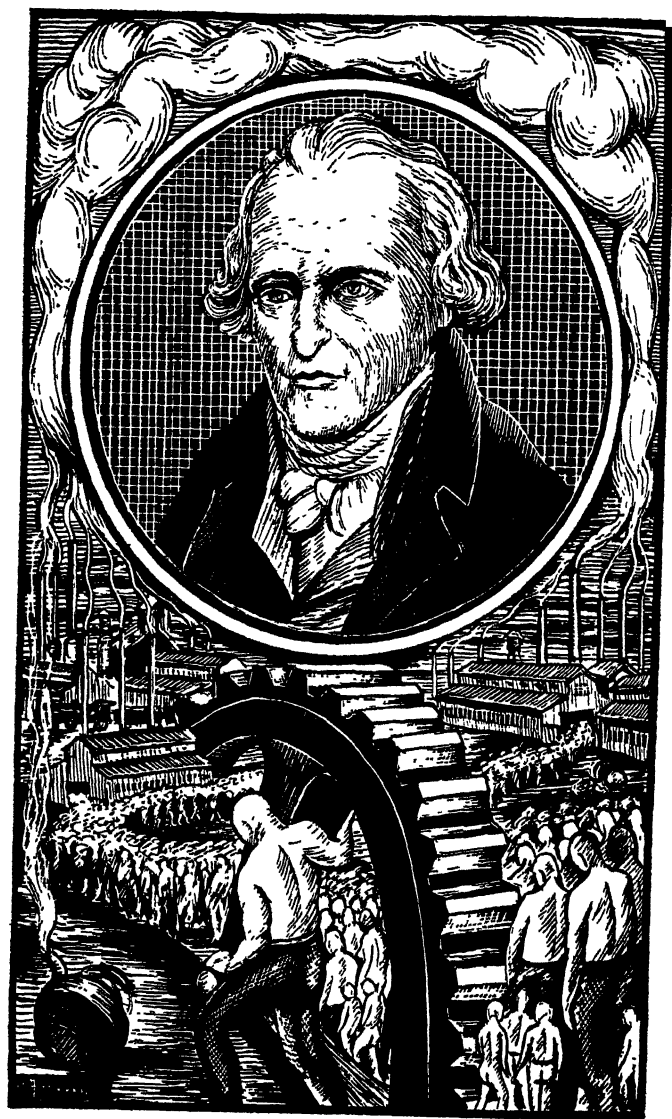
To Beethoven the unity of God and Church was nothing, and less than nothing was that other unity of neo-classic Europe. Himself, himself, immanence out of transcendence, moved him.

But art, when he was born was dying, and he was full of life. Art bade his vital fingers write, and pricked his wayward heart; and into his deaf ears whispered his music to him, a new sweetness, a wild and lovely beauty, unknown to the world, unutterable by man, until he lived.

CHAPTER V

JAMES WATT

1736-1819



■

*“ . . . potent commander of the elements . . .
abridger of time and space . . . ”*

*“ . . . one of the best and kindest of human
beings . . . ”*

SCOTT

*“ I look upon him . . . as perhaps the most ex-
traordinary man that this country ever produced. ”*

WORDSWORTH

*“ . . . among the most illustrious followers of
science, and the real benefactors of the world. ”*

PART OF EPITAPH
OF JAMES WATT

■

CHAPTER V

James Watt

JAMES WATT understood, and stated in the application for his patent that his steam engine was not so much a discovery made for a particular purpose, as it was an agent universally applicable in mechanical industry.

Yet he cannot, nor could anyone, have grasped its full significance. It is curious that the steam engine, the greatest single, material factor of change in the modern world, that was in time to influence and alter all human things, should have come from so simple and unimpressive a little man as Scotch Jamie Watt. For his background was insignificant, and his life, despite the handicap of poverty through a large part of it, was uninteresting, and on the whole uninspiring. His good years, the middle years, after the flush of youth, and before the quiet of age, were given to his steam engine. He struggled against poverty and with all the

JAMES WATT

natural obstacles which careful nature imposed between man and the perfection of the unnatural steam engine, but the struggle hardly arouses our interest, though he won it.

The difficulties were great, for poverty is always hard, though to aid Watt and his engine there came first Roebuck then Boulton with money and advice. Midway in his progress his wife died, but even her death hardly impeded him. He married again and plodded on.

"I look upon him," wrote Wordsworth, "considering both the magnitude and the universality of his genius, as perhaps the most extraordinary man that this country ever produced." The statement seems immoderate applied to Jamie Watt. But for his engine all the superlatives of all language are inadequate.

Watt was painstaking and diligent, conscientious and determined, but he lacks utterly the elixir of real greatness in his make-up. The record of his life is colourless and cold, it seems doubtful that he ever loved deeply, or deeply hated; we doubt that he knew great joy, or ever held the hand of sorrow. He is without fire or passion.

On the completion of the steam engine, and with it at last made available for practical use, for-

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tune rewarded him with the gifts that diligence and careful living deserve, a comfortable house in the country, a spacious workshop where wife number two, who inclined somewhat toward shrewishness, would not bother him, a son who was a mildly gay dog, and leisure and means enough to pursue the flights of his fancy.

He invented a letter-copying press, for copying manuscript, and from some of his correspondence with Joseph Priestley he apparently developed some theories about energy, and about the composition of water. But the favourite child of the fancy of his later years was his contrivance by which sculpture could be copied; and with this he whiled away the last part of his life, copying in marble, or mahogany, plaster of Paris, or alabaster, the works of the sculptors he admired. These copies he was wont to present to his friends. There is a note which went with one such gift, describing it as the "work of a young artist just entering his eighty-third year."

He was eminently a good man. Sir Walter Scott in the epistle dedicatory to "The Monastery," calls him "an alert, kind, benevolent, old man, one of the best and kindest of human beings, whose at-

JAMES WATT

tention was alive to everyone's question, whose information was at everyone's command."

His life is amazingly colourless, from its background, of his father, the shipwright, "sturdy son of a sturdy Covenanter," and his mother, plain Agnes Muirhead, a woman "of good understanding and superior endowments," through his childhood in the mild poverty of Greenock, his apprenticeship to an instrument maker in Glasgow for a time, then in London, and finally in Glasgow again; through the period of his interest in the just invented Newcomen steam engine, and his work on that engine, unsuccessful, first, then successful; and finally to the period of wealth, and his placid and honourable old age, esteemed and respected by his friends, when he copied his statues, and puttered about, until at last almost imperceptibly he died.

It is the life of any diligent man, hard, steady, and finally quiet. Only a few fragmentary stories remain of him that are even picturesque in what they reveal of his personality. We know that when he left home for Glasgow he took with him in addition to clothes, a quadrant, and a leather apron, "a pair of bibels." And when he was courting the second Mrs. Watt he wrote a series of

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worried letters to his partner Boulton which survive, begging his assistance in the apparently difficult task of convincing his Scotch father-in-law to be, that the Boulton and Watt partnership might be considered an asset in a prospective son-in-law rather than a liability. The letters are naïve and amusing, and show him as completely lacking confidence not only in himself as a business man but also in his ability to make an impression as such, which at that time he was particularly anxious to do.

Toward the end of the records of his life he appears from time to time in polite society, with a carpenter's footrule in his trousers pocket, and with a large collection of Scotch stories, told always in dialect.

His effect upon the world, was, as his sonorous epitaph says, that of one of the "most illustrious followers of science," but in his life he was, though more lovable, as uninteresting as Edison.

He died easily and peacefully at Heathfield in Staffordshire in 1819 at the age of eighty-three.

So much for his life.

James Watt is the acorn. Behold the oak!

Various kinds of machines considerably ante-

JAMES WATT

date the steam engine. There are three divisions of machinery, one, the division which is the tool, for instance, the spinning jenny or the flying shuttle; another which is that part which transmits to the first, which is the tool, the power to make it operate; and thirdly and most important, the division which itself supplies motive force.

Various kinds of machine tools had been known in the world for several hundreds of years, and while they facilitated and increased production somewhat, it was not until the steam engine supplied a source of motive power in magnitude hitherto undreamt of, that substantial industrial changes occurred.

Hundreds of little inventions almost immediately made the new source of power in the steam engine available to drive the machine tools, once the steam engine itself was invented. But the invention of Watt far outshadows in importance everything in the tool and transmission divisions of the machine.

The steam engine, indeed, with the power it offered, provided vast stimulus to the further developments in tools and transmission which continue today. Steam now is beginning to be supplanted by electricity, but to the steam engine,

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and to the steam engine alone, may be credited the initial force which accomplished what we call the Industrial Revolution.

Watt's first experiments with it were made with the Newcomen engine in 1763. The chief defect of this engine was that it would only work for two or three strokes, and was thus as a potent industrial factor, only about three times as effective as the mythical tea kettle, which has been romantically assumed to have provided the inspiration for Watt. His contribution was not so much the invention of the steam engine, as the invention of a method by which it could be made to work. French biographers of Watt go to great lengths to prove that a Frenchman preceded Watt in the invention. Whatever credit is due to the inventor of an engine that will not run (and there is some) may cheerfully be granted to the predecessors of Watt. But he and he alone made it practical. To a degree he saw the oak that was to spring from his acorn though he appears himself to have been duly modest about his profound accomplishment.

In 1764 he wrote his friend Professor Jardine "that when it was analysed, the invention could not appear so great as it seemed to be. In the state in which I found the steam engine it was no great

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effort of mind to observe that the quantity of fuel necessary to make it work would forever prevent its extensive utility. The next step in my progress was equally easy, to inquire what was the cause of the great consumption of fuel. This, too, was readily suggested, viz., the waste of fuel which was necessary to bring the whole cylinder, piston, and adjacent parts, from the coldness of water, to the heat of steam, no fewer than from 15 to 20 times in a minute." It was at this stage that the idea of carrying on the condensation in a separate vessel flashed upon his mind. He was taking his Sunday afternoon walk at the time in Glasgow Green. It was a momentous walk for mankind. Could they have seen the progress and development of the idea that was in James Watt's head that day, God alone knows what the good folk of Glasgow would have done. And whatever they did would have been appropriate.

Prayers of thanks and curses, were alike in order, for here was born into the world power and speed, to eclipse all power and all speed that erstwhile the world had known. Here was productive, creative force let loose in a world that, as events have shown, was none too wise as to how it should be used.

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Had there stood there a mystic listener who could hear the future's unsung songs, he would have heard as vast and terrible a pæan of chaotic sound as ever moved in space. For with James Watt's idea, the machine was made, and a million wheels were destined to turn and a million whistles to shriek. Deep in the bowels of the earth, at that moment, primæval deposits of iron and coal were beckoned forth from their ancient rest, for the new fiery furnaces that were to blaze. And the tracks of myriads of steamers were destined for the seven oceans, and the unsettled plains and mountains of the Americas called to their destiny of civilization.

In old Europe, from Alps to Caucasus, from the valleys of Rhine, and Danube, and Volga, sweating peasant mothers gave birth to sons and daughters who were to settle the new world whose civilization was so largely to be the product of James Watt's idea of the condensation of steam.

That day in Glasgow the pen of chaos wrote strange words upon the page of progress. On that day the labourers and gleaners in the fields of every continent cast down their scythes and sickles, and began their unhappy procession to the places

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where the numberless wheels of the machine were to grind out the wages of labour.

Unborn children were destined that day to desperate lives in thousands of factories, for child labour was ordained, and that sad class of factory workers, children and women, as well as men, created. Then first became significant the terms labour and capital. To that moment the theories of Karl Marx, and most of the other political economists of the XIXth century owe their origin.

Electricity has come today, but it is only force again, a variation on the theme originated by James Watt, the erstwhile instrument maker of Glasgow, the maker of the machine of machines, the steam engine.

Not only evil came to earth, but good, too, for power and speed have made happiness as well as sorrow. But by and large the evil outweighs the good, though Watt could not have dreamt it would.

For the magic of his steam engine was that it was primarily a creator of wealth, of wealth vaster than ever the Indies and the western world yielded to the explorers. And the machine has shown for all to see that the alleviation of poverty

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in this world will not be accomplished by anything so simple as the production of wealth!

The result of the machine has been to intensify and speed up all the forces of life, and because of this, the time it came was particularly unfortunate.

For across the stage had come Luther, and Galileo, while Beethoven in the wings, was standing to his cue. And the audience world had changed, was changing still, when James Watt was born.

These great men, changers, harbingers of change, were very tools of destiny, they were the seers of visions. Luther's vision was the simple Love that religion somewhat had lost, Galileo's was the Truth that science had hardly known, and Beethoven's was the Beauty he was to sing in his art, the tragic sense of life.

Great good these changers did, and were to do. but great harm as well for while at first they led a return to simple things, like Love, and Truth, and Beauty, finally the world being too much with them, the "simples" became confused with complex things, to the end that hatred and dissent came into religion, a base materialism of purpose into science, and to art a sad state of self-contem-

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plation and self-pity. What matter this, and what its relation to the machine that was to come? Only this that knowledge of Beauty, Love, and Truth comprises the wisdom of man; and man's understanding and conception of these three, being disturbed and made uncertain, being removed from out the category of things that could be settled among reasonable men by reason, the whole world moved to cross purposes, hope and aspiration in different men, though they might be men of good intent, were different; there was no common goal in life toward which the nobler part of each man's nature might aspire, and life in our western world moved in uneven courses to confusion.

There were the Wars of Religion between the followers of Christ, there was war between science and religion, there was war within the field of the arts which preached alike the gospels of all the creeds and theories, mutually exclusive of each other as they might be.

Not all these changers made and did was new, their truths were some old truths, their heresies old heresies; and the formulæ of adjustment, of welding these into a fabric in which some pattern would be discernible were available in history. For as the world was, up till about the beginning of

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the XIXth century, learning and knowledge of these truths and fallacies extended not far outside of a certain small group in each country, back of which there was a cultural tradition.

It was for James Watt and his steam engine to quicken the leaven. Not least, and perhaps greatest, of the things it accomplished was the creation of facilities for a wider dissemination of information. The difficulty was that the information that the world was prepared to disseminate, had no unity. It was to the greatest possible degree contradictory. And the great mass of the people, fertile soil if ever there were one for the sowing of the seed whose flower would be an understanding of Love and Truth and Beauty were taught a thousand contradictory gospels; taught by science that there was no God, or that God was only power; by religion that God was a Methodist and not a Papist, or a Papist and not a Methodist; and by art, the infinite variations on each of these and other equally diverse themes.

There was of course vast poverty and ignorance before the invention of the steam engine and the consequent industrial revolution, and while we cannot wish that this army of poor should have remained in their destitution, in the darkness of

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ignorance, one cannot but regret that at the time when Providence was ready to make accessible to them the findings of the intellectual world, these findings could not have had some consistency and unity to them. This lack of any unity of thought in the upper part of society, the people of property, is responsible for the failure of the machine civilization to have conferred any very decided benefit upon the poor.

It is true that thanks to James Watt's engine men learned to make a thousand pairs of hose where ten were made before, a thousand books, a thousand coats, a thousand chairs, a thousand tables; but at the same time, because the development of this kind of production offered the most gigantic profits to those who engaged in it, the creation of what Marx calls "use value" ceased almost entirely to be a motive force of production, and "exchange value" which might more simply be called greed, alone led on desire.

Men of property rushed to the new industries. At first, over-production and too sharp competition being comparatively unknown, the demand for labour appeared to be limitless, and in the England of the end of the XVIIIth century we can see the picture of the fields and farms being de-

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serted by labourers, while the industrial cities like Leeds, and Manchester, and Birmingham grew in leaps and bounds.

The situation of the new labourers was not happy. Living facilities in the cities were at first vastly inadequate, and a large proportion of the workers despite their higher earnings, lived in more squalor and misery than they had as farmers or farm labourers.

High wage levels, moreover, had the rapid effect of raising the birth rate, and as soon as they were reduced, left the people worse off than they had been. And very quickly unemployment became a problem, as, periodically, the new, and not very well understood economic machinery of production and consumption got out of adjustment.

As things stabilized, the theory of "subsistence wages," a theory formulated by Quesnay and the Physiocrats, to the effect that wages tend to the level at which subsistence can be maintained, became accepted. This theory had worked before the machine, but, labour as such, not having reached the stage of a major social problem, had not been much thought about.

The machine aggravated the harsh findings on which the theory was based. For the machine made

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brawn and muscle less necessary for labour, with the result that women and children came to be employed in factories. Subsistence still meant the subsistence of the social unit, the family; but now the labour *of all its members* was required; and poverty, despite the burst of mechanical ingenuity upon the world, was not only unrelieved, but on the whole more widespread.

The economic history of the early years of the factory system is not pretty to contemplate; for the new poverty strode hand in hand with the new wealth. All effort on the part of the state was at first directed toward helping the proprietors in their difficulties. Hours for the workers were long, wages were low. The people lived in squalid and wretched homes. Dr. Ferriar of Manchester in 1790 pointed out that cellars divided into two rooms, with one window near the top, were used extensively for dwellings for whole families. The floors were often unpaved, the walls damp, the sick lay at home, in such places, on beds of rags, for straw was too dear to buy. And there is voluminous evidence that Manchester was not exceptional.

Conditions where the people worked were little better. Cotton mills were built to accommodate

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the greatest number of persons; the several stories were built as low as possible, and crowded with machinery; as a result the air was thick with flying cotton dust, with the stink of the machine oil, and of the hundreds of candles used to light such places.

It is perhaps not remarkable that the labour class solaced itself in its few dreary hours of leisure with gin, or the more ancient opiate of sexual excesses, which resulted in the even greater degradation and hopelessness of succeeding generations.

As to the work itself, the tending of the machine was, and is still today, degrading and brutalizing.

Apologists were quick to appear for it. It was proposed that it needed skill and diligence, taught exactitude, persistence, etc. But on the whole, the tendency in the development of the machine, was toward the elimination of any part requiring intelligence on the part of the labourer; and final judgment today, will, we think, agree, that although the machine in the long run will teach what it practices, order, exactitude, persistence, and conformity to unbending law, this is not enough to compensate its brutalizing effect. There are other lessons to learn in a lifetime. The ma-

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chine can exactly reproduce, and teaches therefore exact reproduction, a lesson of quantitative measurement, static and conservative. But what is man, and what his life? Not static but dynamic, not conservative but passionately liberal; his body, it is true, bound by rigorous laws of nature; but his soul limitlessly free, a creature fed on dreams and visions, spurred on by memory, buoyed up by hope.

Is he to be confined within the thousand thousand wheels and whistles of James Watt's engine, to spend his life (so short!) on the manufacture of the one sixty-fourth part of a shoe, or the one-eightieth part of a typewriter, never to see, even the other mean sixty-three or seventy-nine parts, much less to know the not too glorious unity, which is the whole shoe, or typewriter?

Look at the machine today! How great a part of how many lives goes not for the uninteresting, but at least useful shoe, but instead for radios, and chewing gum, listerine, and lipsticks!

The machine has decimated every one of the old fields of human endeavour, it has driven the artisan craftsman out of existence, it has called the sons of the farmer from his fields.

Society that was divided at one time by opin-

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ions, or by aims, and ideals, is divided today into the owners of machines, and the workers of machines. And there is no alleviation of poverty.

Not only this, but class feeling has grown strong and bitter, and in the stage to which we have at present attained, it seems as though the purpose of labour is no longer the attempt to win for itself a rational share in produced wealth, but to deny all share to capital, to take all for itself, believing, what observers like Paul Valery have pointed out, that the machine having made force proportional to masses, labour which represents the mass, may have what it can take. This is a desperate, and fallacious, but not unnatural view.

The glaring difficulty for which no adequate solution has been accepted is, of course, the creation of an impoverished class of society, a labour class, whose sustenance is dependent upon the machines, but who are completely unable to control whether or not machines shall run or be still.

Prior to the beginning of the XIXth century the lower classes of society were divided roughly into farmers, and farm labourers, and artisans. The farmer has always had a varied fortune being one season prosperous and another poor. But he is rarely destitute. The farmer can make his own

JAMES WATT

living beholden to no one but his God. In proportion to his diligence and skill he may become rich. No man can ask more than this.

Prior to machinery the artisan was in a comparable position. The youth served his apprenticeship and learned his trade, and having learned it, could set up in business for himself and be reasonably sure of a living, which, in his case, too, would vary in the proportion of his skill and diligence. Machinery added a new element. No longer could the young man leaving his master after a diligent apprenticeship set up for himself, for now was required capital.

Presumably what the first artisans and farmers who left their work to go to the machines sought, was some share, however small, of the independence that only wealth can bring. Instead they became themselves slaves to the machines and they visited upon their children and their children's children, to what degree we dare not think, the same fate.

For once the labour class was made, no matter how diligent or capable the labourer might be, he worked only while the machine worked, and when it stopped he starved.

There is no panacea that will cure the labour

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situation with which the world is today confronted. There are, however, changes and corrections that we can and should make, indeed must make, if our civilization is to survive. Labour represents the masses, and it is not unlikely, with democracy tending as it does, that it may try to take what it wants, regardless of whether it is entitled to it. Capital has not been conspicuous for the voluntary concessions it has made to labour. Yet the issue cannot be settled by force or by legislation. If labour legislates to itself, or violently appropriates all wealth, it will not be able to hold it. The working out of the problem must be rational. There must be a reasoned limiting of production, that will not penalize the skilful producer to help the unskilful, there must be a different distribution of produced wealth, based probably upon a new conception of ownership of natural resources of power, and there must be more understanding as to what the buying and selling of labour actually involve.

It is easy to see mistakes in the past when it is too late to cure them. We can see now that when capital offered work to labour and labour took it, no one worried about the future. It is not hard now to realize that probably no person should be

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offered or induced to accept (or allowed to accept?) work, the acceptance of which will prevent his resumption of his former mode of procuring sustenance, the cessation of which the labourer's own diligence cannot control, though the result be his own destitution.

That there may be poor people is not bad, nor that there may be rich ones; but the poor should be those, of whose life work the quality is not high, and the rich should be those of whose work the quality is high. Nor do we even share the view of those who say that while wealth is no evil vast wealth is. Any man is entitled to what wealth he can acquire without infringement of his neighbour's rights.

But man's condition whether poor or wealthy should have direct proportion to his own efforts, with the single exception that is made necessary by the recognition of the theory of the inheritance of wealth.

It is hard to accept the idea of inherited wealth. That one person should be born to wealth and one to poverty seems manifestly unjust.

Aside from theoretical arguments, however, one fact is clear, that man has always considered and always will consider as perhaps his dearest right,

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his power to give in his lifetime, or to bequeath on his death, his material possessions to his children. The right to give or to bequeath, will be as jealously guarded by man as the right to acquire, private property. Inherited wealth moreover is vastly overemphasized as a social problem. In most cases the laws of heredity arrange enough similarity between parent and child, so that if the parent can be justified in the acquisition of his wealth, the child's resemblance in character will make him a worthy receiver of it. And we believe firmly, and are supported in the belief by voluminous testimony, that in most cases where this is not true, where young people who receive wealth that they have not earned, by their own lives do not deserve it, they very quickly return it to general circulation.

The desirability of a leisure class, which depends for existence on the principle of inherited wealth is also reasonable, if the responsibilities of wealth are taken seriously. That they are not taken seriously cannot be denied and this also may be laid to the door of the machine. Machinery has made too many wealthy people too quickly and too easily; and it is not remarkable, considering whence our new rich of the last two centuries

JAMES WATT

spring, that the attitude toward them which we see reflected in the speeches of demagogues and agitators should be so largely true and justifiable.

The new rich and the new poor, products each of James Watt's steam engine, constitute the dual menace of the modern world. The poor, oppressed, exploited, and hopeless, seeing no solution, are like dry tinder ready for inflammation.

In most cases the rich are irresponsible, in most cases their wealth is not the product of their own, or their forbear's diligence, but is due either to the appropriation of a natural resource belonging by right to the whole people, or to the manufacture in vast profusion of some shoddy non-essential which has been sold to the only people who would be foolish enough to buy it (the poor and ignorant) by methods (modern advertising!!) that are outrageous in their misrepresentations and distortions of facts.

That all was well with our world when James Watt took his Sunday walk in Glasgow Green the day that he invented his separate condenser is of course not so.

But the stupid and misguided use of the mechanical development to which he supplied the fundamental link, aggravated and intensified the

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forces of disruption and diversity which, latent in the XVIIIth century world, might have been brought into order less painfully than it would now seem that they can be.

For part of the damage is done. The labour class is created, the twelve and fourteen hour days of labour at the machines have been worked, by dreary men and women, and sad little children. The furnaces have belched their smoke into the blue of the sky, and some quality of the blueness is gone forever, for human memory is long, and part of all that we see is made visible by memory.

None the less if we can solve our present difficulties the task of living, surely, because of the machine, must be easier. The machine can produce much of the material that goes to make life pleasant, and, if we can take from the product the curse that has gone into it through the labour that made it, we shall be better off.

As for James Watt, we cannot hold him responsible, be the result evil or good. Industrious, intelligently, he worked out his life at the problems that came to his hand; his life is an even furrow, long and straight. The machine he made changed the whole face of the civilized world, but he did

JAMES WATT

not know that it would, and cannot be held to account because it did.

He gave man power. This was the total of his contribution, and it was good. But the gift he gave carried responsibility which we, to whom it was given, neglected, and the task now immediately before us is one of reparation.

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CHAPTER VI

THOMAS HOBBS
1588—1679

■



■

"... Thomas Hobbes, in whom the meanest of all ethical theories united with unhistorical contempt for religion, to justify the most universal of absolutisms."

FIGGIS

"The Leviathan state of Hobbes is only an immense machine . . . not a living organism, but an automaton. Hobbes, convinced materialist as he was, naturally did not recognize some essential distinctions between machine and animal."

KORKUNOV

"... the originality of his thought proved a source of great inconvenience to him. . . ."

C. R. AND M. MORRIS

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CHAPTER VI

Thomas Hobbes

LUTHER, Galileo, and Beethoven changed men's minds and hearts. Watt, with his steam engine changed the material features of life, and infinitely complicated the relations between the various divisions of human society.

Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, who lived almost two centuries before Beethoven and Watt, is the philosopher of the State, concerned, not with changing the inner man, or the external, economic aspects of his life, but purely and simply with the task of understanding the structure, the State, the which to aid in the task of living together in civilized society, men have themselves created.

Next to religion in the modern world the none too gentle art of politics has most engaged the attention of those men who have wished for good or evil to influence their fellows.

It is indeed only in recent times that the two

THOMAS HOBBES

have been conspicuously separated; in the early history of most peoples we find the rulers and divinities closely related. Instinct, it is said, has led man to religion, necessity has driven him to politics and statecraft.

What man's condition was in that state of nature which political economists have so delighted to discuss, we do not surely know. It is doubtful whether it may reasonably be considered to have been either as Hobbes believed, a state of war, of all against all, or as Rousseau would have had it, an idyllic state where all men existed together in a placid, bovine peacefulness.

It seems more probable that human nature in its essential aspects has changed, if at all, but fractionally, since the very earliest days, and that accordingly only those general statements about man in the ages before history are true, that can justifiably be made about man as he is today.

The simpler, less complex life of early days may have been conducive or antagonistic to the leading of an honest and industrious life, but we see no conclusive evidence that it either helped or hindered, any more than the highly complicated civilization of this present day has done so. If we turn back to the Psalms, we find even King David

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faced by very much the same spiritual problems that confront today whomsoever is objectively conscious that he actually exists.

We should say then, that the state of nature, could we have seen it, would have disclosed the majority of men peacefully inclined; having, more than lacking, the fundamental bases of our modern conceptions of honour and disgrace, with in most cases a pronounced inclination to conduct their lives well rather than ill. That human conduct was any better in these early days, or any worse, we are not competent to say; that human aspiration was essentially the same, we are convinced.

But as in the modern world one ruthless egoist like Napoleon has been able to paint with bloody brushes his own name upon the pages of history, so always have there been a few men, cruel, selfish, and dishonest, who for their own dark purposes have been eager to draw their swords against the rest of men; and it is for protection against the depredations of such as these, that the rest of the world has been forced to turn its mind to the task of evolving systems of government.

No system that we have yet evolved is satisfactory, very few have even novelty to commend

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them. The peripatetic wise men of Athens who paced the studious walks of Academe two thousand years ago contributed nearly all that we know of government, and it is on the foundations laid by them that modern systems have been erected. They were no triflers with the art of politics. From their own minds they evolved democracy and republicanism. From bitter experience they learned despotism and tyranny. They tried systems of checks and balances, they had the idea of functional representation; communism and socialism appear in the pages of the Republic. Plato, and Aristotle after him, unfolded in the field of politics the deepest and most certain truths that we possess. But it availed them and their race nothing, for public morality could not keep pace with the political economy, and before youthful and vigorous Roman pressure, the Greece, whose sturdy Spartan virtue had become mollified and effete, fell, like Lucifer, never to rise again.

The terrific civilizations of northern Africa in their time, also, evolved systems of government, but these like the palaces of their kings have lain for thousands of years beneath the Sahara, failures like all the others.

With Christianity and its spread into the Ro-

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man world, a more determined effort was made by man to withstand the apparently inevitable consummation that hitherto had awaited all governments. Christianity absorbed the Empire, absorbed even the barbarians who overran it, and for fifteen hundred years, part of the time in name, more of it in fact, there was a new government, the rule of God and Christ through the visible form of the Church. But with the good, crept in the evil, and once again the whole system rotted. Paradoxically enough, before what we call the Reformation, western Europe was cast in the mould of a vast divine unity. But the worm of evil was in the wood, and humanists, research workers in the science of man, discovered the possibility that the cure might lie in the destruction of the unity.

The mediæval Church and State were not merely united equals, they were literally a unity, and that unity was the Church. From it, and only during its pleasure, did the temporal power derive. Perhaps the greatest significance of Martin Luther is, not that he divided the Church against itself, for Arius had done this, and Nestor, and Pelagius, a thousand years before, but that, in his enunciation of the rights of the individual con-

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science, he established the base on which, in succeeding centuries, the State was to erect its power.

Luther's full significance was not felt within his lifetime; by his immediate contemporaries he was even misunderstood. The theory of the Divine Right of Kings which was seized upon to bolster up the royal power that had lost its supporting church was at first believed to have derived from him. The authority claimed hitherto from the Church was claimed by the proponents of the Divine Right theory as the special free gift of God to his elect. The conception was unsound and fantastic. The lives of the occupants of every throne belied it; it languished as false theories do, and at last fell with the stroke of the axe that beheaded the first Charles Stuart.

There was now necessitated a casting up of accounts. The idea that the temporal power lay within the giving of the Church had been discarded; with the death of Charles I, Divine Right fell before Roundhead Might; and England, which had inherited the mantle of Rome, as leader of the world in the art of government, was confronted, immediately, with the unpleasant possibility of the termination of even this *de facto*

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Roundhead power, the moment a greater should arise.

Could it be, and it was for the first time since the Christian era that the question had been seriously proposed, that the right to rule was his who could take it, the duty of obedience, his who had no power to disobey? Was Everyman, so long as his strength would let him be, lord unto himself? Here would be individualism with a vengeance. The question to be settled was what actually was the State, what were its powers, what their source, and their limitations?

Cromwell ruled by the civil forms. But with his death, and the abdication of his mild son, Richard, only an army was left, an army moreover divided against itself, united only against the rest of the citizenry. Anarchy was imminent. Only one move could find the support of the people. In 1660 Monk called his Free Parliament, the men who were to make that one move. Signing away its own political existence, that Parliament called back the Stuart to his English island, and the people of that island entered of their own free will into a compact with their king, whose father they had beheaded. They established constitutional government.

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In 1651, in Paris, an Englishman named Thomas Hobbes had written and published a book, dealing with this precise situation; he had examined and disclosed the secret of the formation of States, the source and scope of their powers.

The Doers in 1660 had saved the State. Hobbes, Thinker rather than Doer, nine years before, drew his picture of what such a State must be.

At Westport, near Malmesbury, on Good Friday of the year that was to bring the Armada to England, Thomas Hobbes was born. As an old man, he wrote "My Mother brought forth Twins. Myself and Fear."

Though of plebeian descent, his first biographer, Aubrey, observes that "his renoune has and will give brightness to his name and familie." His mother was a Middleton of Brockenborough. His father, though a clergyman, was almost illiterate, able only to read the prayers and homilies. According to Aubrey, the elder Hobbes "disesteemed learning as not knowing the sweetness of it."

We are not concerned with more than the outstanding details of his life. He attended Oxford through the generosity of an uncle, and while there formed the connection with the Cavendish family, which, with a few intermissions, was to last

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his lifetime. He travelled with a younger member of that house to Europe in 1610, as tutor, continuing his own studies, as well as those of his charge. Other trips to the Continent followed, on one of which he met Descartes, and on another, the extraordinary Father Mersenne, who, in addition to his accomplishments in the fields of religion, science, and politics, listed a book on the theory of music, the "*Harmonie Universelle*." Hobbes is said also to have seen Galileo in Florence.

It was in these years that he first acquired his interest in geometry, which was to lead him to philosophy, and finally to political economy. Because it was exact, mathematics delighted him. It gave him his conviction that all of life was motion. Descartes held that motion, or mechanism, was restricted to the extended world, and mental existence, he maintained, was independent, and ultimately the most certain of all things. Not so Hobbes, who believed that he could pass from the external motions of man to the internal ones, and thence to the understanding of abstract qualities like sovereignty, and justice. He saw the motions of the mind as having only physical causes, and he dreamed of man within the science of biology, and biology within mathematics, and thus, waiting for

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his grasp, the answer to all the secrets of life. It was a vain dream.

In 1640 his first work, a treatise on "The Elements of Law, Natural and Politique," was privately circulated in England. His view of sovereignty expressed in this as being derived from the people was unpopular with both the upholders of the Divine Right theory and the opponents of the Monarchy; and when the political views of Laud and Stafford resulted in their imprisonment in the Tower, Hobbes, a utilitarian in practice, as well as in theory, fled again to Paris, where he rejoined the circle of Descartes and Father Mersenne. He stayed abroad this time eleven years, and when in 1651 he returned to England he had with him, completed, the "Leviathan," on which, of all his works, his fame most surely rests.

But he was far from content to stop at this accomplishment. In fairly rapid succession one book or pamphlet now followed another, and he became embroiled not only in religious, and political quarrels, but also in a fight with the Universities, which in the end of the "Leviathan" he had attacked specifically as existing chiefly to support the Church against the State.

In "*De Corpore*" which appeared in 1656 he ven-

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tured into the free-will discussion and defended the psychological doctrine of determinism. The same year he replied to an attack on some of his mathematical ideas in a pamphlet called, "Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics . . . in the University of Oxford." This involved him in more controversy, which resulted in more pamphlets, and which was not finally stopped until 1666.

During the mathematical quarrels, he continued to speak, and to write on politics and ethics, criticizing with the same audacity, whatever existing institutions seemed worthy of his notice. In 1666, however, there was a pause in his activity, when the House of Commons passed a bill against atheism and profanity. The "Leviathan" laid him open to charges on both grounds; and, when specific references were made in the House to his book, Hobbes began burning his private papers. After this, nothing further appeared on ethical subjects, and the old man turned his mind to poetry. In 1673 he translated four books of the *Odyssey* into English verse, and encouraged by the success of the effort, two years later completed the work, with, in addition, a translation of the *Iliad*. This was the end. In 1679 he died.

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He was a strange man. Despite his intellectual audacity, he seems to have been unwilling to extend a similar courage to his ordinary living. In his last years he took particular care of his health. He played tennis regularly, believing the exercise good for him; and every now and then shut himself in his bedroom, where he would sing, at the top of his voice, "to develop his lungs." Though he is quoted as having said that during his lifetime he had been "drunk a hundred times," he is known, in the last part of his life, at least, to have been abstemious. We have fragmentary glimpses of other little eccentricities. In the head of his walking stick, he carried a roll of paper, a quill pen, and some ink, that he might preserve the ideas that came to him on his walks. "Now and then," says Aubrey, "he would swear by way of emphasis." He deprecated remarks made about the slight amount of reading that he did, saying that if he had read as much as other men, he would know as little. And strangely, this most matter-of-fact of men was afraid of ghosts.

A first glance at his picture sees a wrinkled and withal rather merry faced old man. The second sees the sinister white coldness in the light of his

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eyes, and in the high broad forehead. He was known to his neighbours as "Crow" Hobbes.

Neither the man, nor his theories, are pleasant to contemplate. His philosophy, based on the depravity of man, was mean and hopeless; he lacked even the grace or courage to come openly forward with his most cynical prognostications. Smugly, and hollowly, he praised the religion at which, covertly, he sneered; while he proved what he considered the inevitable, and remorseless aggression and tyranny of the State, he mumbled platitudes about happy possibilities, which, if there were any truth in his theories, could never occur.

As positively as Machiavelli, and with more logic, he affirmed again and again his primary thesis, the depravity of man, "*homo homini lupus*," man to other men is a wolf. There was no such quality in man as disinterestedness; all action, he believed, sprang from selfishness.

Rare at definitions, old Aubrey called him, and so he was.

"Reverence," he says in the first part of the "*Leviathan*," "is the conception we have concerning another, that he hath the power to do us both good and hurt, but not the will to do us hurt."

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"Religion is the fear of power invisible, feigned by the mind, or imagined from tales publicly allowed, superstition from tales not publicly allowed."

"Gratitude is thanks for present benefit, and anticipation of good things to come."

"Anger is pleasure, proceeding from imagination of revenge to come."

They make a bitter commentary on man, and on society, and an unjust one. Were these clever cynicisms all that he left behind, we should have no time for him. To deny or refute them, to those who wish to believe them, is futile, to the rest, who know them for false, unnecessary.

But such stuff, though it give an indication of the meanness of the character of Hobbes, gives none at all of the greatness of his book, "Leviathan," of which they are a part.

It is in the "Leviathan" that he has lived.

On the title page is a strange and sinister picture. In its foreground is a town, with houses, churches, and fortresses, plainly discernible. Back of the town rises a row of hills and beyond, and above the hills, appears the upper half of a gigantic human figure, erect, with outstretched hands. One hand clutches the ecclesiastical crozier, the

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disclosed to the glance of whoever had the wit to see, the fact that the State itself could be a greater tyrant than any individual. He saw this tyranny as inevitable, almost he seems to have applauded it, and it is for this attitude, perhaps, that the world has given him only the attention it gives to all who are mean spirited.

Delving into the realm of history which is not history, the time when our knowledge is purely speculative, and any theory defies positive rebuttal, Hobbes declared primitive society to have been a state of war of all against all, "*bella omnium contra omnes*." The interest of self-preservation, he said, led man to government, man free voluntarily became man bound, surrendering his rights in a social compact, the object of which was protection and peace.

A compact between two parties is based on the consent of each, either tacit or express, to its terms. This compact was between potential subjects and a potential state. Before it, the subjects existed, before it the State did not exist, and consequently was not to be bound. "This," he says, "is the generation of that great Leviathan, or rather (to speak more reverently) of that Mortall God . . . by this Authoritie, given him by every particular man in

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the Commonwealth he hath the use of so much Power & Strength conferred on him, that by terror thereof he is enabled to form the wills of them all, to Peace at home and mutuall ayd against their enemies abroad. And in him consisteth the Essence of the Common-wealth, which (to define it) is *One Person (or Assemblage) of whose acts a great Multitude, by mutuall covenants one with another, have made themselves every one the Author, to the end he may use the strength and means of them all, as he shall think expedient, for their Peace and Common Defence.*"

Here are sinister implications. And more are to follow.

Being bound by the covenant, "the people cannot lawfully make a new Covenant, amongst themselves, to be obedient to any other, in anything whatsoever, without his permission."

Next the Leviathan asserts the right of the sovereignty "to be Judge of what opinions and Doctrines are averse, and what conducing to Peace; and consequently on what occasions, and how farre, and what men, are to be trusted withal in speaking to multitudes of people."

The Leviathan will eventually be the ultimate judge of its own action, it alone shall decide what

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shall be taught its subjects. The sovereign power is "as great as possibly man can be imagined to make it," "*Non est potestas super Terram quae comparetur ei.*"

Liberty is negative, it is the "silence of the Law."

The menace of the Commonwealth is not confined to the internal development of the State. The Leviathan which is one State will clash with the Leviathan which is another, the "*homo homini lupus*" holds for one "Mortall God" in his dealings with his brother Gods, as it does for the component citizenry of each, in their dealings with one another.

As there is no such quality as disinterestedness in individual human relations, so there is not in the international relations of States. Hobbes proposes this complacently. "When all the world is overcharged with inhabitants," he wrote, foreseeing the conclusion to be reached two centuries later by Malthus, "then the last remedy of all is Warre, which provideth for every man, by Victory or Death."

Nor is this the end. Not only will man be unable to repel the encroachments of the Leviathan in the material aspects of his life, but in the re-

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ligious field as well Leviathan is God. Only those divine laws are of effect and to be observed that are commanded by the Commonwealth. All doctrines concerning the Kingdom of God "have so great influence on the Kingdome of man," he wrote ironically, "that they are not to be determined save by him in whom resides the sovereign power."

He was no fool, "Crow" Hobbes; since his death, slowly the mill of his "Mortall God" has ground, as he saw it would, the rights of man with the laws of nature to dust out of which it has made the muddy flour of the "civill law," which is to every subject "those rules which the commonwealth hath commanded him to make use of, for the distinction of right and wrong."

Some of his truth is manifest in every State that has arisen to stand alone since Luther separated politics from religion.

The Glorious Revolution of 1688 is indissolubly associated with Locke, as that of France about a hundred years later is with Rousseau. But the accomplishment of neither of these events offers the opportunity, as does the revolt of the American Colonies against Great Britain, to study,

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in the light of practical facts, the melancholy prognostications of the Leviathan.

Here in America was a new people, almost free from internal prejudices, almost free from faction and intrigue. Here was an enlightened and sturdy electorate, which had been inspired to great deeds and high endeavour by the lofty principles of lower taxes, and larger profits and—incidentally, Liberty.

Round that table in Philadelphia, the makers of the Constitution met, there sat Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, Madison, and the others; there were Youth and Age, met to solve the problem that had baffled the ages. Hamilton was thirty, Madison only thirty-six, Washington was fifty-six, and Franklin eighty-two. The war was over, they were to try the greatest experiment open to man, they were to make a State, not with swords and muskets, nor with the ecclesiastical weapons of excommunication and everlasting damnation, but with reason. "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair," they are the words of Washington.

To their aid they summoned the past, from Athens, from Rome, from the Low Countries, from the free cantons of Switzerland, from Locke,

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from Montesquieu, from Rousseau, they drew all that in their eyes could contribute to fertilize the seeds of freedom that they had sown. In all the past to which they turned there were two chief notes of warning, that of Socrates, as to the perpetual cycle that exists in the experiments of man with the various forms of government, in which despotism appears as the logical end of democracy; and that other of Hobbes of Malmesbury, in the *Leviathan*. But little danger was foreseen. The good points of democracy were counted on; the evils in the original constitution, were not provided for. Each state was to maintain its own sovereignty, the federal government, literally the creation of the separate states, was to be their creature, and so by them controlled.

The spectre of abuse was first seen by Virginia and before she ratified the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, at her instigation was appended. It was designed to provide for freedom of speech, and of the press, for the right of the people peaceably to assemble, to bear arms, to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, and to speedy trial in criminal prosecutions. The last two articles further strengthened the preceding ones, by stating

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that mention of certain rights, should not be construed to disparage any not mentioned, and that all powers not given to the federal government were reserved to the states and to the people.

The Bill of Rights marks the end of the Revolution, the end of the fight for Liberty (which curiously enough is nowhere defined). It is the point at which the lines converge, thence they proceed again, but outward rather than up. From this moment on, Liberty is on the defensive, and from 1791, to this day, it has offered an ever less effective resistance to the encroachments on it by the federal government, and the states.

The Democratic State hailed with such enthusiasm by all manner of men, from the thoughtful and sincere Montesquieu, to the demagogic and blustering Rousseau, as the surest and noblest guardian of Liberty, has in the century and a half since its institution, steadily exalted itself alone, under pretense of protecting and preserving the very liberties it has persistently undermined.

Of all the wise men of the past who have written on government, only Hobbes, confronted with the first hundred and fifty years of the history of American democracy, would smile. For he alone saw the future. It is not asserted, nor is it implied,

that the Leviathan is responsible for the present-day political economy. That tenuous thread is lost in the very earliest pages of time. Were we to lay the accomplishment at the door of any one man, probably that man would be Plato.

Nor is it asserted that the system of representative government itself, is at fault; for rather, it is the noblest ideal, without the field of religion, toward which modern man has striven. But already the system trembles on the brink of pitfalls that Hobbes disclosed to view before even our State began.

What has happened to those liberties, the which to foster and protect, the Bill of Rights was designed. "Congress shall make no laws . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, . . . and to bear arms." With what scorn does the liberal American look down on the papal system of the *index expurgatorius*, and yet ourselves to speak in public must have a permit not very different from the papal *imprimatur*! and let him who thinks the right of free assemblage still to be maintained, attempt without official consent to hold a public meeting or lead a parade.

What of the suggestion that the Leviathan will

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make itself the ultimate judge of its own action, and decide itself what shall be taught the subjects? In vain, for America is the eloquence of Milton against censorship, to prove that Truth can stand alone and vindicate itself. The Theory of Evolution may not enter the schools of Tennessee, despite the provision in the constitution of that state that learning shall be encouraged.

A bill was introduced into the New York State Legislature in 1933 the purpose of which was to ban motion pictures on the subject of corrupt politics, on the ground that they undermined public confidence in public officials. In Oregon in very recent years a bill was enacted to force all children to attend the state schools between certain ages. The step from this prohibition to the closing of the great private universities if they fail to conform to certain fantastic and outrageous standards born of social and religious bigotry and hatred is not a great one. It is true that the Supreme Court declared this law unconstitutional, but that august body has well been said to be apt at reflecting the wishes of the majority, and their wishes tend in only one direction, to the imposition of their own will on all, in science, in art, and in religion.

The sovereign power, says the Leviathan, is as

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great as possibly man can be imagined to make it! The greatest liberty is "the Silence of the Law." The Silence of the Law! Relentless and ceaseless as the tide, throughout this land, the legislative bodies of every separate state, as well as of the federal government, grind out, month after month, year after year, volume upon volume of new laws. The Leviathan is never silent. In this country, this "noblest of experiments," as the not too acute Dr. Price observed, where all were to be free, "subjects no longer, confederates instead," Liberty has steadily declined.

The menace has not been unforeseen, though it has persisted and grown. As early as 1798, the Virginia Resolutions expressed deep regret that "a spirit hath in sundry instances been manifested by the Federal Government to enlarge its powers by forced construction of the constitutional charter, which defines them." The Kentucky Resolutions of 1799, the Hartford Convention of 1815 reiterate the same complaint. The "Tariff of Abominations" called forth further protest in 1828, as did the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1830. Hayne, whom history almost ignores, demanded "What is the remedy for a clear violation of its [the Constitution's] express terms by one of the parties?"

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And the demagogue, Webster, eulogized in every text book in our public schools, declared out of the very pages of the Leviathan that "the government shall itself decide the extent of its powers."

Surely from the laws and restrictions placed upon us it is not hard to see a finger pointing to the future. Already the State imposes sumptuary laws, the first sign as Montesquieu shows of its decay. In one state the use of the cigarette is banned, in another the players on the stage perform only what is considered suitable by the local government, in a third, illiterate legislators ban books which the consent of ages has applauded.

What is the limit? The sovereign power has become the uncircumscribed will of the majority. If there is a limit to which its fantastic vulgarity can sink, time has not yet disclosed it.

If one principle can be discerned in our present-day polity, it is the principle which aims at establishing out of individualism, out of Democracy, a new unity, a new standard; based not on any lofty hope or noble aim, but on the conformation of us all who make the State, to the mean level of the average intelligence of the majority.

What of the chance of escape by forming a new State? Hobbes wrote "Being bound by the cove-

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nant the people cannot lawfully make a new covenant, amongst themselves to be obedient to any other, or anything whatsoever without his [Leviathan's] permission."

In the archives of these United States there reposes a document which commemorates with touching eloquence by all that it leaves unsaid, the establishment of this principle. It is the ordinance of secession of South Carolina. "We the people of the state of South Carolina . . . do declare and ordain . . . that the union now subsisting between South Carolina and other states under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved." They did not know the Leviathan, else had they not tried to write with ink what could not, as events were to show, be written with blood.

What of the monster's external growth, and "Warre the last remedy which provideth for every man by Victory or Death"? Wild as the prophecy sounds to civilized ears still within our lifetime have we witnessed its fulfilment.

In the Hegelian superstate of pre-war Germany, the vision of Hobbes is fulfilled. There, in the fertile soil of an unimaginative race, a people, temperamentally subject to delusions of grandeur, is the external development of the Leviathan. There

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the State appears as the full national will; which cannot be understood, or spoken for by its parts, but only by the sovereign; which knows only itself, one race, one culture (Kultur); for which there are no reciprocal rights, treaties with other states are scraps of paper; to which religion is a tool, preferably it has its own religion, rather than one accepted by another state with whose interests its own may clash. People fight best if God is on their side and the superstate will arrange this. As the superman of Nietzsche is the will to power, so is the superstate of Hegel and modern Germany, so is the three-hundred-year-old Leviathan of Thomas Hobbes.

This State, if it can, will absorb all its neighbours, regardless of whether they, bitten by the same germ, resist. Despite all talk of the racial and historical origin of the Great War, it is best understood if it is considered as a war, not of individuals or of races, but of these man-made monsters, these superhuman "Mortall Gods" ourselves have created, whose very charters of existence our own ancestors wrote.

The withdrawal of our liberties, if not unconscious, has at least been so gradual, as with some reason to mitigate very positive fears. Still the

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tendency against liberty exists and is to be faced. Because injustice is done in the name of the majority it is no less unbearable than when in the name of the few. The yoke of slavery weighs no less heavily on the neck of him with many masters.

Waving the banner of equality, a condition to be found nowhere in life, or in nature, a principle actually subversive to the natural order, the modern States takes to itself power after power that belongs to man. After a certain point the protest will come too late, after a certain point the State will not allow a protest. The Leviathan "shall itself decide what things it is lawful to teach the people."

It is not claimed that the federal government alone is at fault in taking to itself powers belonging inherently to us who made it. The separate states offend as much and will do so more as we let them.

The cure cannot come without a change in the whole conception of the State and of Government. Because many rights still remain is no reason for silence. Because the fundamental intent of most laws is to protect the weak and poor from the depredations of the strong and rich is no argument to justify even tacit assent to the propaga-

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tion of principles subversive to Liberty. That our own hands may not accomplish our purpose, or our own span of years see its fulfilment, is no patent of justification to comfortable indifference. To decry the tendencies as betokening a change that is inevitable in one direction is cowardly; all of history abounds with instances of individuals, who, defying the so-called inevitable tendencies, have wrested mankind from the false path to the true. A change must come, but whether it will be a step forward toward the ideal of the founders of the country, or the old step backward toward despotism, as in Italy and Germany, is in our own hands.

We have few birthrights more precious than Liberty and, despite the definition of Spencer, that it is the condition "which allows every man to receive and suffer the natural consequences of his own conduct," that perhaps of Hobbes is better, that it is "the Silence of the Law."

With age and wisdom there comes to man a craving for quiet, for peace, for as much permanence as this world will allow, and for Liberty. Of Liberty it is said that it is one of the few things for which man is willing to die. But the wording of the proverb is wrong, it is one of the few things

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for which man is willing to kill. Liberty, to follow the dictates of our hearts, so long as they do not disappoint the just expectation of our neighbour, is a great enough word to raise on our standard, with that other word, death. And every man will endeavour to see that the death required is not his.

Not necessarily must our record be a continuous blaze of glory. Because we have existed as a free people for a century and half does not establish our system as perpetual. Indeed history shows few great failures accomplished in less than twice that time. The words "Law and Order" are beginning to be a mockery in almost every city and state, and even in the federal government; the public money is squandered, the public trust betrayed; the majority of men drawn to the public service are incompetent and unscrupulous; these facts augur ill for the future. Fortunately to the present though there is but one past, there are many futures. And to a degree the choice is in our own hands.

It should be remembered that twice already in this country, and not far behind us as recorded time goes, the tocsin of revolt has sounded. It cannot be that it must sound again. The interest to prevent it is too near the heart of every man. We

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are too eager, as Dr. Arnold wrote to Carlyle, to preserve to our posterity, as well as to ourselves "all those thousand ties so noble, so sacred and so dear which bind us to our country as she was, and as she is with all her imperfections and difficulties." But if with time Liberty continues to recede, beneath the weight of injustice, the ties of affection which are so strong in us, will at last be invisible to those who will follow us.

For the danger Thomas Hobbes saw more clearly than any of his contemporaries, more clearly than any man since him has seen, of the end toward which all government may tend, and for showing us the pitfall and perhaps saving us from destruction in it, he takes his place, with all the faults and imperfections of his theories, beside better men than himself, among the heroes, by whom we mean the men who have helped us, of the race.

And yet we cannot make of him an attractive figure. His philosophy is a mean one, himself its exponent is ignoble.

There is perhaps meaning in the end of the old record of his life, which tells that at the age of ninety-two, when his end was upon him, he was afraid to die.

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CHAPTER VII

THE NEW UNITY

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"What man by his experience has gathered and accumulated in the past, he transfers under one form or another into the future. He is capable in a word, of forming a conception of the future, an ideal.

"The existence of an ideal, or on the other hand, its absence, are the most important points in the social development."

KORKUNOV

"I see in the march of society a plan, a harmony, but not a blind necessity; I do not believe that events are mingled up together indiscriminately in the dark urn of destiny, nor that fatalism holds the world enclosed in an iron circle. But I see a wonderful chain stretching over the course of centuries, a chain which does not fetter the movements of individuals or of nations, and which accommodates itself to the ebb and flow which are required by the nature of things; at its touch great thoughts arise in the minds of men: this golden chain is suspended by the hand of the Eternal, it is the work of infinite intelligence, and ineffable love."

BALMES

"It is not merely that men have gone so far on the path of progress and then stopped; it is that men have gone far on the path of progress and then gone back."

GEORGE

CHAPTER VII

The New Unity

JAMES WATT and Thomas Hobbes, effective as was the former in altering man's life, and perspicacious as was old Hobbes in detecting the danger of political institutions, are not in the same category with Luther, Galileo and Beethoven.

For these three were the greatest changers of all; the very soul of man, because of their lives and works, was changed.

Moved each by the same force, a disgust and hatred of the empty formalism in man's chief institutions, each broke with established tradition; Luther to claim man's right to find his own way to God; Galileo to claim honour for scientific truth, to proclaim its right to stand by the truths of art and of religion; and Beethoven, to establish the expression of the feelings of the individual heart as a proper subject of art.

Essentially they were moved by basic and sim-

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ple visions of the ideals that lay back of the method of life each followed; the vision of Luther, the Priest, was the Good, of Galileo, the Scientist, it was the True, of Beethoven, the Artist, it was the Beautiful.

Luther was the greatest; for his contribution was to split into a thousand pieces, the Church, which, in theory at least until he came, had dominated the old unity. Before Luther the Church was everything; concerned not only with the Good, it claimed its Good as Beauty and as Truth, and whatever men discovered in the field of any of these ideals was interpreted by the Church of the old unity in its relation to the other two.

The great accomplishment of these changers was that by splitting the fabric of the unity that was mediæval Christendom, they separated in the minds of men, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful.

Luther, changer of religion, of the Good, forgot the Beautiful and True. So bright his goodness burned in him that the world did not see quickly, and even now has not clearly recognized, the scant regard his life paid Truth and Beauty. But look in Calvinism, first-born child of Lutheranism, in it does Goodness stand alone, Beauty and Truth ir-

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revocably are gone. Austere, unlovely in its pursuit of the Good, it approaches in its extreme phases the terrible asceticism of the East.

In Science, since the Change, Truth has been severed from Goodness and Beauty. The proper business of science is the search for material truth. We would not deprecate this truth. But let us remember what it is. Take as the archetype of scientific truth the fact that four is the sum of two and two. Error on such a point is serious. To teach, or to believe, that two and two make three or five, is fraught with danger for all of humanity. And yet this simple truth alone is not vastly important, potent as it may be, unless it is used by mankind with some knowledge of Beauty and of Goodness. The tendency of modern science since the change from the old unity has been to proceed with Truth as its only objective and it has thus failed to aid man's persistent pursuit of happiness, unless happiness be redefined as health. Its most conspicuous attention of recent years has been given to the attempt to identify and locate the physical causes of the moral virtues. While it has not succeeded, it has fathered the waif determinism, the cult of disillusion, the mean and cowardly philosophy which lives on the theory that aspiration in

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life is futile, that personality and character are a matter of glands or iodine.

The cosmological sciences have done little better. Astronomy and Astrophysics have explored the further reaches of the sky with great success. And yet because their telescopes have so far failed to disclose the Deity enthroned in any yet seen corner of the cosmos they have felt obliged to deprecate the theory of His existence. Science flaunting Goodness and Beauty, like Religion, scornful of Beauty and Truth, has paid the same penalty of debasement. While it has undermined the confidence of the ignorant in Religion, by its own failure to supply a simple satisfactory answer to any fundamental question, it has demonstrated for all to see, its own impotence to help man find happiness.

What of Art, and its pursuit of Beauty? It, too, has followed a single star, in its case Beauty, oblivious of all else. And Beauty can help man no more than Truth and Goodness, unless the relation of all three be remembered.

Modern art has forgotten Truth, which is the objective quality of Art, has forgotten Goodness, the unifying quality, which gives sense, and which our mediæval ancestors called Grace. Modern art

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even more than vulgarized religion and unaspiring science threatens the world's existing social institutions. Adultery, incest, and homosexuality make up the complacent scenery of the new literature, and in the case of an artist like Stravinsky we find even the art of music, in his *Sacré du Printemps*, proclaiming an aggressive animalism, which is well enough for animals, but for man is base!

It is our firm belief that since the end of the mediæval unity the chief cause of our continued frustration in our search for happiness has been that we have failed to realize that the Good, the True, and the Beautiful are one.

This we lay to the door of the three great Changers, Luther, Galileo, and Beethoven. They saw the old institutionalized unity so intent on its institutional form, that men were losing all sight of the material and spiritual aspects (and these may not be overlooked!) of Truth, and Goodness and Beauty. They turned to these three ideals, to seek them out, and we have followed, but with such haste and blindness, and with such excitement of discovery, that we have lost sight of the fact that it is in the recognition of the existence of the three together that we shall preserve our souls.

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The truth of two plus two making four will make no man happy who knows no Beauty, who has no conception of Goodness. The austere goodness of our Puritan ancestors failed to perpetuate itself because it scorned Beauty. Nor has any modern beauty yet stood, alone and substantial, that was not True and Good.

Thanks to these Changers the world has learned great things, but it has not assembled and used the knowledge. The institutional form of the old unity was corrupt, yet the farther we have strayed from it, the greater has seemed to be the need for some unified conception, to direct our destinies.

Without the old unity we have worked with futility to cross purposes, until today we wonder, and with some cause, whether our whole civilization may not vanish.

The most imminent threat to such of the institutions of the past that men have so cherished that they survive today is the threat of the State. The tendency of the modern state to appropriate to itself power that denies the rights of the individual is serious; for the reason that, while the infringement of individual rights is painful only to a small minority, that minority comprises the more sensitive, more imaginative, and better educated part

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of the community, which, as such, is the group best able, and most likely, eventually, to thwart the State's encroachments, if need be by destroying it.

It is said on many hands today that Democracy patently is failing. But before we cast it lightly aside to espouse socialism, communism, or some form of dictatorship, let us realize that there is a very sound distrust of these other forms of government based on the simple fact that upon intelligent examination it appears that they will not work.

Governments are corrupt, or stupid, or both, chiefly in those of their activities where they spend their people's money, and the more money-spending functions a government has, the more corrupt it will be. This will continue to be the case until some method is discovered whereby only able and honest men can be drawn to public office.

The socialists and communists would have the State exercise fundamental economic functions as well as the normal political ones. But who is to compose and administer the State? Presumably the ideal socialist state is democratic in form, and therefore its machinery may be expected to get into the hands of incompetents and scoundrels as

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quickly as does the machinery of our constitutional democracy, if not more quickly, since the opportunity for plunder, this state having so many more economic functions, is so much greater.

The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics is controlled, so far as the outside world can see, by what is, for all practical purposes, a self-appointed, self-perpetuating group. It seems possible that the men who rule Russia today are not actuated by selfish motives. But that such vast power so created and so transmitted will not eventually fall into the hands of politicians of the type that we in America know so well to our sorrow, whose aim will be the exploitation of the people for their own selfish purposes, is hard to believe.

The best that can be said of the Russian Communists is that with a naïve and fatuous belief in human nature and an ignorance of the history of civilization, they are conducting an experiment which, unless they can change man's innermost nature, which of course they cannot, is doomed to failure; an experiment which only a primitive and semi-barbaric proletariat would be so lethargic as to allow.

Socialism has not been widely tried. The half experiment with it in post-war Germany was re-

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pudiated and discarded on the likely theory that it was inefficiently and probably dishonestly administered.

Dictatorship, which is at present on a wave of popularity, has yet to meet successfully the supreme test which comes when the Angel of Death removes the leading character from the cast. Again history will show that the end of a good Dictatorship almost invariably means chaos and revolution, while the end of a bad one may be expected to be worse.

Constitutional Democracy is the best form of government. Because it is democratic it will usually attract too large a percentage of dishonest and incompetent men to public life, but if the constitution which is its basis, provides adequately for the maintenance of individual rights, the system will periodically purge itself of the political parasites who fatten on it.

But the people of a Democracy must remember that they make their State, that it is no inscrutable and unknowable power that will wisely and painlessly legislate universal happiness into existence. The State is fallible and mutable; it can and does and will, like the men who make it, err; it will tend inevitably to aggrandize itself and the fa-

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voured few of its constituents from whom it can receive illicit benefits. And in proportion as it is given economic, as opposed to political, powers it will become corrupt, until, when the abuses become too outrageous, it will be changed suddenly from a Democracy to a Dictatorship. This process is analyzed and commented upon in detail in the eighth book of Plato's Republic.

It is well enough to claim as do the socialists and communists, that the perfect State can be created, where wealth will be evenly and justly divided, where labour will be reasonably apportioned so that its result will be for the common good. It would be well enough to have the State conduct schools, build roads, supplant religion, regulate private morals and behaviour, engage in industry, act as guide and censor to the arts and sciences, and so forth *ad infinitum*, if there were some basis for hope that those who administered such a state's affairs might be a race of supermen in whom reposed all the virtues of mankind. But how far is this from the case! Simple honesty in public servants is scarce, while the combination of honesty, with the additional intelligence and courage that are so necessary, is so rare as to be almost phenomenal.

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No political system exists, or has ever existed which can guarantee that the type of public servant will be good. If they are not good, but instead are of merely indifferent quality, it is not a very difficult step of reasoning to deduce that the fewer functions that the government which they conduct undertakes, the better off will be the people who are governed.

It should be remembered that Government, *per se*, is at best a necessary evil. We cannot live without government, but it is a fact not very hard to appreciate, that the ratio of a people's happiness and welfare, is in inverse proportion to the extent that their government makes itself felt in that people's life. For while man is a social animal, he is only fortuitously so; he lives in a world with his fellow men, not because he chooses, but because he cannot help it. No one of us has many friends, in the strict and literal sense of the word, and it seems hard to believe that a political system based on the theory that we should all live as members of a large and devoted family could be long lived.

The State must eventually cease its economic activities if it is to survive. It may be replied that economic activities like the relief of the poor and unemployed must be undertaken when these

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groups become large enough and sufficiently belligerent to threaten the State's existence.

With such a situation our world today is obviously confronted. It is the product of the modern world's mismanagement of its affairs, and it is acute and critical. To deal with such a crisis the world seems inclined to be, far more than ordinarily, indulgent of errors on the part of world leaders who are trying to resolve chaos to order.

But fundamental contradictions of, and infringements on, Liberty and Justice, tolerable in a moment of crisis, will be intolerable the moment an attempt is detected to embody them permanently in a system. Men of spirit have always fought for these ideals, and always eventually have won.

If the institutions of the western world as we know it, survive the present troubles, as no doubt they will, it seems not unreasonable to hope that reflection on the evils which produced our present difficulties may prevent or at least retard their recurrence. For while cumulative evils of history are not to be eradicated in a moment, they may be checked.

Beginning with the Great War, the world entered upon a period when every effort was bent on

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increasing production. The resultant stage of overproduction has now been reached and we are confronted with the problem of a vast labour class, a by-product of the age of machinery, all of whose members are poor and most of whom are unemployed.

As a result today there are three main objectives which we seek in our economic life; first, the restriction of production; second, a clearer understanding of what is involved in the buying and selling of labour, the purpose of which will be to prevent, not only wholesale laying off of hands but also wholesale hiring; and thirdly, the surrender to labour, if there can be found a rational basis for it, of a larger share in produced wealth than is represented by wages.

If the periodic waves of overproduction and the consequent unemployment from which we suffer are to be avoided the world must find a method of adjusting production and consumption.

Since the Industrial Revolution, production has been left to adjust itself to meet demand, which is as it should have been. But the comparatively recent business of large scale advertising, instigated by producers, has greatly and unreasonably stimulated consumption.

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Aided by the science of psychology which greedily lent itself to such a prostitution, and with the eager co-operation of a mercenary press, the advertisers have, with no noticeable compunction, exploited thoroughly the middle and lower classes of almost the entire civilized world.

America, particularly, has been flooded with a vast profusion of non-essential goods of poor quality. The poorer part of the public has been cajoled or frightened into buying in astounding quantity, luxuries (*sic!*) that it did not need, and could ill afford, and cures for incurable or imaginary diseases.

Although from moral and intellectual points of view the American standard of living is not remarkable, yet, because advertising has harped so consistently on the material and physical details of life, and we have conformed so completely to its shabby codes, we complacently claim for ourselves the highest standard of living in the world.

It has been short-sightedly proposed, to arrive at a balance between production and consumption, that the State arbitrarily limit production. This of course imposes an entirely unjust penalty upon the producer who is more diligent and more skilful than his rival, by depriving him of the

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larger profit to which his skill entitles him, and at the same time depriving the buying public of the goods of the skilful manufacturer by helping the less skilful one. No arbitrarily imposed limit upon production has ever worked satisfactorily.

But if, by the normal exercise of the State's police function, advertising, with which we include all other methods of stimulating consumption artificially, were to be restricted within the limits that a reasonably honest code of business ethics would require, the result would be an enormous decrease in the production of useless articles, and of poor quality goods, whose sale would then depend, not on the amount of noise that the producer could make about his product, but on the actual merit of the product itself. So accustomed have we become to the methods used by the modern producer that it is almost impossible to imagine what the result would be if a producer were limited to making statements about his product that were actually honest and relative, in fact and in implication.

Not easily apparent is the cure for that other economic evil, the system by which capital can at will employ as large a quantity of labour as it

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wishes, and at will, dispose of it and end its employment.

In the recent past we have seen examples of this in New England where on the closing up of a cotton or woollen mill, a whole town, whose people lived only to work that mill, has been suddenly left without means of support. Such may perhaps be within the line of the normal perils and dangers of this life which cannot be eliminated. At any rate no specific method of avoiding such an event is evident. It does, however, seem reasonable that there should be more education as to what actually is involved in the buying and selling of labour; to the end that labour should not accept, nor capital offer, employment which will draw large numbers of persons to a certain spot, to live in complete dependence upon the operation of a given industry, without all possible care and due precaution being taken to see that suddenly and without warning the wheels of that industry will not be stopped and the labourers be left to starve.

But the greatest of our problems, and the one for whose solution the whole world is clamouring is the question of how, without discarding or at least threatening what we have come to consider

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as the established order of things, there may be a redistribution of the world's wealth.

In its commonest form this question concerns itself with the search for a peaceful method of giving to labour a part of the too large share of produced wealth which now goes to capital.

The Marxian solution of the problem is based on a curious equation. On one side, in the name of Constant Capital, is placed raw material, property, plant, equipment, and depreciation, and added to this is what Marx calls Variable Capital, which is labour. The result of this combination is a product which contains more than its component elements. Marx labels the increment S, and calls it Surplus Value.

On the theory that the elements comprising Constant Capital are present and identifiable in the product, and thus since they appear on both sides of the equation, removable; Marx credits all of Surplus Value, which is from a practical point of view the only created value which could be imagined to have provided the original incentive to create, to labour. "Value in general . . ." he says, "we should regard as a mere congelation of labour time, as nothing more than materialized labour." This theory involves a complete writing off of that

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factor of capital in which is included the vision, initiative, courage, tenacity, and general executive and creative intelligence which put the whole process in motion and without which labour would have done nothing.

Granted that the most important factor in Constant Capital may not be any one or all of these abstract qualities, but is instead the simple essence, capital, which is an arbitrary appropriation of one article for the purpose of acquiring another, still the abstract qualities play their part, and, while it seems unreasonable that capital should take, as it has up to now, all the profit of industry, the Marxian proposal that labour should take it all is as fantastic.

Moreover man's appropriation of available capital is, and always has been, instinctive in him, and can probably not be legislated out of existence.

It is the belief of many conservative men that labour deserves a greater share in the profits of industry. But the conspicuous proposals to date have been only to give everything to labour. This is not acceptable. If labour deserves a larger share it must be demonstrable and reasonable, for while there is no doubt that the labour class can take all, and may, unless there is a reasonable and de-

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monstrable title to what is taken, it will only be retained until capital, with which, in such case, will be allied all those of predatory instincts, can regain its position by force.

Labour cannot permanently change the accepted economic divisions of wealth until its claims are accepted as true and just by the common consent of men of good intent.

While the Marxian attribution of all created value to labour is false, so is the equation which gives all value to capital. The fallacy of Marxism is the disregard of a large part of capital's contribution to production; the fallacy of capitalism lies in the extent to which man's instinct to appropriate, has been carried to the point where he has appropriated, in the form of natural resources of power, what belongs to a whole people rather than to any individual, or group of individuals.

Prior to the Industrial Revolution fortunes were not easily made or multiplied. If a man had money he could keep it, but, without usurious methods, which, until Bentham, were always specifically frowned on, he could not vastly increase it.

Since the factory system it has been possible for the astute and avaricious person to make too much money, by which is meant that, implicit in one

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person's becoming rich, was the corollary that many must become poor.

One thing might have changed this. If the fuel which is the basis of productive industry were assumed to belong not to individuals but to whole peoples, there would have been as a result of the operations of industry an accrual of wealth for the benefit of all.

The power in the earth is the deposit of the ages, and who is the man that shall say that it is his alone? The coal we use was made when time began, and so the oil; the power of the waves, is the power of the ocean, which yet no man has dared to claim. And the tumbling cataracts that today are harnessed to the wheels of industry, draw their motion from the drops of rain that fall upon fields and mountains perhaps a thousand miles from the spot where capital makes its actual appropriation of that power.

And now the geographical bases of political divisions take on meaning, and permit the statement that the race inhabiting a geographical unit own together the power resources of that unit.

Assuming the United States to be such a unit (which, exactly, it is not) it seems right and true, that the potential wealth in Niagara or Muscle

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Shoals or in the coal and oil of Pennsylvania, belongs not to whosoever owns the property immediately essential to the production of the power, like the mouth of the mine, or the edge of the falls, but rather to the whole people who inhabit the land whence anciently derived the energy in those mineral deposits or accumulations of water power.

This theory of ownership does not imply operation and production of this power by the State, indeed that seems particularly to be feared. The power should be produced by the industries that can use it, the State with watchful eye should protect by careful supervision the title of its subjects to that power and their profit from its use.

The details of the adjustment of our economic machinery to so changed a conception of ownership will be difficult, but it is for work like this that we should use our economists.

We have no illusion that the solution of these problems will be easily determinable; we doubt even that the measures and theories that will be decisively salutary are discoverable.

We believe, however, that unless entirely new theories are evolved which can replace our ancient ideals, and no such new theories have yet been proposed, the old ideals will themselves persist

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and survive, though we do not take this to mean that our own particular political and social institutions will survive with them.

For Greece fell, and Rome, and the sceptre of empire has passed among the nations of Europe, to Germany, to Spain, to Portugal one time, and to England.

But empires fall, and the men who make them die. Only the ideals survive.

Thus tempting always our noblest impulses, is the desire to understand, that we may cherish them, the old ideals, like Liberty and Justice, like Beauty, Truth, and Goodness. Man has not changed them ever, nor can he. They are what survive.

It seems now as though the first fine frenzy of the industrial civilization were over. There are today no new continents to be settled, difficulties of communication and transportation which so long retarded progress have at last been obviated, production itself has become simple. The question now is not so much how to make our world accessible and habitable, as, having gone far toward doing these things, to devise a method of living happily in it.

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How else shall we face the future and the generations who will follow us?

Shall we tell them nought exists but time, that the ceaseless permutation of all things is wisdom?

Shall we tell them to whom we give the world that truth since we were born died, that goodness is an empty snare, only another name for selfishness? Shall we tell them love is only lust, that the thread of destiny is a gland? What of the stars that gleam and move, what of the wind that comes to us out of the sea? What of the "meanest flower that blows," and the thoughts that lie "too deep for tears?" What say we of them, nothing? nothing? And what of beauty and of man's desire, does it end with life, with sun and rain and dark wet leaf? Is wisdom astronomy, and happiness health?

And what of death, and the eternity of time that follows death? nothing? nothing?

Science has brought us no universal happiness, nor has the new art. What of religion?

Can it be, that we shall turn again to religion, kneel at the old altars once more?

For despite all changes in science, and in art, and in religion, there still persists the old nostalgia for heaven, the longing for the one-time God who

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listened to our early prayers, before the days when knowledge taught us not to pray.

Must the Church change before we believe or is it we who make its faith fantastic? Can we say the ancient prayers and creeds maintaining still our vaunted intellectual honesty?

What is belief? It is knowledge that we cannot prove. "I cannot believe!" is a false statement, for only the will is involved, and the will knows no can nor cannot. Say if we must we will not believe but never that we cannot!

And look before we take that step, back down the centuries to Augustine, and A' Kempis, to Francis of Assisi, to giant Aquinas, temperer of mind and heart, look to sweet Jeremy Taylor, pedagogue of Death and Life, to Donne and Herbert, to great Johnson who thought he feared to die, to Walton who "Studied to be Quiet," to Pascal, to Bossuet, to Coleridge, to Swift, remember Xavier in those eastern islands, and honest Arnold of Rugby. Look in these modern days at Charles de Foucault of Morocco, at Mercier of Belgium and Stuck of the Yukon. Have we risen above them who willed to believe?

Or can we say, as they said, each in his own life,

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as Bach said in his music for the B Minor Mass,
the ancient creed again?

CREDO

IN UNUM DEUM PATREM OMNIPOTENTEM,
FACTOREM COELI ET TERRAE,
ATQUE VISIBILIUM OMNIUM ET INVISIBILIUM;

ET IN UNUM DOMINUM JESUM CHRISTUM,
FILIUM DEI UNIGENITUM,
ET EX PATRE NATUM ANTE OMNIA SAECULA,
DEUM DE DEO,
LUMEN DE LUMINE,
DEUM VERUM DE DEO VERO,
GENITUM, NON FACTUM,
CONSUBSTANTIALEM PATRI;
PER QUEM OMNIA FACTA SUNT,
QUI PROPTER NOS HOMINES, ET PROPTER NOS-
TRAM SALUTEM, DESCENDIT DE COELIS,
ET INCARNATUS EST DE SPIRITU SANCTO EX
MARIA VIRGINE,
ET HOMO FACTUS EST,
CRUCIFIXUS ETIAM PRO NOBIS SUB PONTIO
PILATO,
PASSUS ET SEPULTUS EST,

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ET RESURREXIT TERTIA DIE SECUNDUM SCRIPTURAS,

ET ASCENDIT IN COELUM,

SEDET AD DEXTRAM PATRIS.

ET ITERUM VENTURUS EST CUM GLORIA, JUDICARE VIVOS ET MORTUOS:

CUJUS REGNI NON ERIT FINIS.

ET IN SPIRITUM SANCTUM, DOMINUM ET VIVIFICANTEM,

QUI EX PATRE FILIOQUE PROCEdit,

QUI CUM PATRE ET FILIO SIMUL ADORATUR ET CONGLORIFICATUR,

QUI LOCUTUS EST PER PROPHETAS.

ET UNAM SANCTAM CATHOLICAM ET APOSTOLICAM ECCLESIAM.

CONFITEOR UNUM BAPTISMA IN REMISSIONEM PECCATORUM,

ET EXPECTO RESURRECTIONEM MORTUORUM,

ET VITAM VENTURI SAECULI.

AMEN.

Here, is the True, and Beautiful, and Good,
with the Power, and the Glory and the Majesty!

FINIS

